HORIZON

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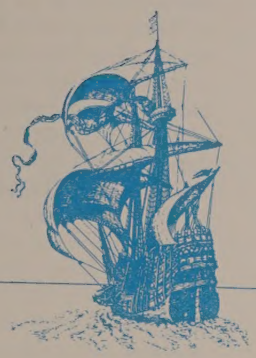
AUTUMN 1967



HORIZON

AUTUMN, 1967 · VOLUME IX, NUMBER 4

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The Editor's Wastebasket

E. M. Halliday is an editor of HORIZON's sister publication, AMERICAN HERITAGE magazine, and the author of a forthcoming HORIZON CARAVEL book, *Russia in Revolution*. To mark the current anniversary of the revolution, we asked him to do an article on Grigori Rasputin: it begins on page 80. In writing such an article an author often finds it shaping up quite differently than he had anticipated, and an original plan must be discarded. Yet sometimes vestiges of the original idea remain interesting and seem to deserve a better fate than the editorial wastebasket. Halliday had planned to center his article around Rasputin's murder —treating it as an unsolved mystery.

"I don't know of an instance in modern history," Halliday says, "where so many reputable as well as disreputable historians have solemnly repeated such a patently improbable story as if it were gospel. On top of the absurdities in the standard account [see page 87], the principal assassin, Prince Yusupov, has muddled his story on two crucial points: how Rasputin was lured to the Yusupov palace on the night of December 29, 1916, and what the motive was for killing him. In 1934 the producers of a movie that depicted a sexual connection between Rasputin and Yusupov's young wife, Princess Irina, lost a libel suit to her. Yet, in Yusupov's suit against CBS in 1965 (for invasion of privacy), it was demonstrated that the prince's own earlier account had hinted

PICTORIAL PARADE

Yusupov, in his Paris apartment

that at least Irina's *name* had been used as bait for Rasputin. As for the murder motive, during the trial of that 1965 suit Yusupov said that the motive was not, as he had always maintained before, the patriotic intention to rid Russia of an evil force, but simply to destroy Rasputin because of his 'sexual depravity.' "

In an attempt to untangle the confused story, Halliday interviewed eighty-year-old Prince Yusupov in Paris last March. "It was interesting, but unproductive," he reports. "The prince and his nurse-housekeeper, a French lady who watches over him very attentively, were impeccably polite, but I was unable to induce any departure from Yusupov's standard story as told in his autobiography, *Lost Splendor*. It turned out that an 'authorized' film, *J'ai tué Raspoutine*, had just

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HORIZON

A Magazine of the Arts

AUTUMN, 1967 · VOLUME IX, NUMBER 4

been completed in Paris, thus presumably fixing the standard version for all time.

"The interview was conducted with a certain amount of difficulty. It was in French, and was frequently interrupted not only by the French lady, who attended every word, but by a small and ancient bulldog who kept having severe attacks of coughing a few feet away. On the question of how Rasputin was lured to the palace, the prince came close to admitting that there are indeed aspects of the famous story that are still wrapped in mystery. He said that possibly Rasputin may have hoped to meet Irina (who actually was not even in St. Petersburg at the time), but that in truth, '*on ne peut pas dire pourquoi*' he agreed to go out at midnight, without a bodyguard, when he was well aware that many people were anxious to see him dead.

"'*On ne peut pas dire*' seemed to me to be the motif of the interview, and I left shortly thereafter. Before going, I had the pleasure of plucking a string on the same guitar Yusupov used to serenade Rasputin on that fatal night fifty years ago; it gave out a mellow, timeless twang. I left with the feeling that the twilight aura surrounding the murder of Rasputin had, if anything, grown darker, but at the same time more intriguing. As I started down the narrow Parisian street I could hear the ancient bulldog barking asthmatically behind me." THE EDITORS

All correspondence about subscriptions should be addressed to: HORIZON Subscription Office, 379 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Single Copies: $ 5.00
Subscriptions: $16.00 per year in the U.S. & Canada; elsewhere, $17.00

Annual indexes for Volumes I–VIII are available at $1 each. A cumulative index for Volumes I–V is available at $3. HORIZON is also indexed in the *Readers Guide to Periodical Literature*.

The editors welcome contributions but can assume no responsibility for unsolicited material.

Title registered U.S. Patent Office

Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

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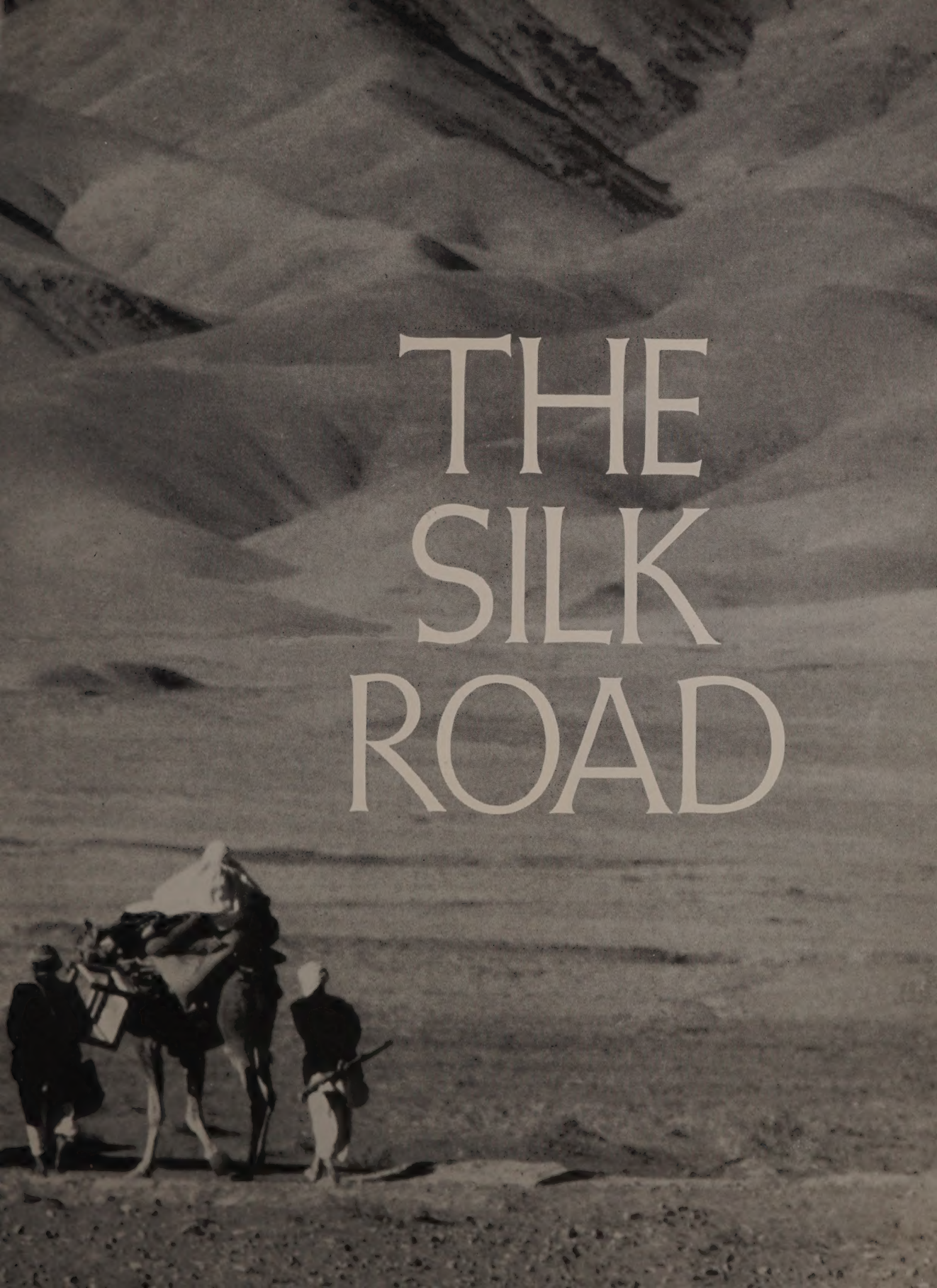
COVER: Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Ginevra de' Benci, which is now in the collection of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., is the only recognized Leonardo painting in America. It was purchased last winter by the National Gallery for the highest reported price ever paid for a painting: five million dollars. The director of the gallery, John Walker, first saw and coveted the painting before World War II, and his longtime friend and adviser Bernard Berenson urged him to buy it. It was not until 1951 that Walker was able to begin the delicate negotiations for its purchase, and not until 1967 that he was successful. The story of the painting's history and of its subject (told in an article beginning on page 24) may explain why so much interest and money have been lavished on the portrait.


THE
SILK
ROAD

NEVER WAS THERE A ROAD THAN THE OVERLAND ROUTE MIGHT HAVE ALTERED THE THE TWO GREAT POWERS AT

This fragment of embroidered silk, among the oldest in the world, was found in the tomb of an affluent family of Palmyra, and its fine weave marks it as an import from China, dating from about the first century A.D. *The Romans caught a first, and fatal, glimpse of silk at nearby Carrhae, and this scrap may resemble—or by remotest chance be part of—the vast battle standards that the Parthians unfurled to terrify and rout the Roman legions at Carrhae in 53* B.C.

NATIONAL MUSEUM, DAMASCUS

PRECEDING PAGE: *A modern caravan travels the old silk road through Afghanistan—following the same path that was trod by caravan drivers two thousand years ago.*

ROLAND MICHAUD—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Nothing in history sounds grander than a trade route, one of those thick bold lines on the statistical maps by which mankind has exchanged the products of its hands, minds, and sporadically even hearts. It is the grandness of something at once heroic and faintly familiar. The abasement of empires, the splenetics of kings, defenestrations at Prague or confrontations at Fashoda—such affairs remain weirdly remote to our experience. A trade route is different. The principles of commerce are timeless and universal; we all stand at the end of some trade route or other, and we all think we know the scene—lumbering lines of camels heaving across the waste, steamers treading through the Suez sands, tea clippers sweeping gloriously before the trade winds.

Some of the routes marked with bold lines in the atlases have shaped history, rather than merely reflecting it: the Atlantic migrant route, by which in the Victorian years the new civilizations of the West were consolidated, or the sea route to the Orient, which established the supremacy of the Europeans in southern Asia and shifted the equilibrium of the world.

One in particular, though it achieved an almost mystical fame, seems in retrospect to have failed in its historical potential. It is the overland route across Asia, for more than a thousand years one of the great highways of international trade, traversing the great slab of landlocked territory north of the Himalaya that has always seemed to its travelers to be the crux of the world. The fortunes of this road have fluctuated down the centuries. Sometimes it followed this path, sometimes that; now it was blocked by wars, brigands, or zealots; now secure beneath the protection of conquering empires—a road of many stages and many legends, stretching from the frontiers of China at one end to the Mediterranean coast at the other. Nothing could be grander than this. The trans-Asian route was the tenuous link between the two supreme civilizations of the earth, and there was a time when it seemed almost ready to unite them, East and West, in the marvelous richness of a common culture.

Tracks across open country do not generally follow a very precise course. They spread or meander, and on one of the ancient desert trails, like the Haj route to Mecca, one may see the traces of a hundred thousand caravans strewn across the landscape in a million ruts, one edge out of sight of the other, cohering into a road only

By JAMES MORRIS

MORE HARSH AND BEAUTIFUL
FROM ROME TO CHINA · IT
COURSE OF HISTORY · BUT
EACH END NEVER REALLY MET

when they are seen from the air. The caravan route across Asia was like this. It was scarcely a road, more a pattern of travel. Essentially it was a corridor through the desolate uplands that separated northern China, the home of one civilization, from the Mediterranean littoral that was the perimeter of the other.

This was a ferociously difficult journey. To the south lay the impassable Himalayan massif. To the north, the Gobi desert and the endless foothills of Siberia. Between the two lay the dreadful Takla Makan desert of Sinkiang, and halfway to the Mediterranean the route was blocked by the Pamir mountains. Beyond were the steppes of Turkistan, the Persian highlands, and the Syrian Desert, before the caravans descended at last to the fertile shores, profits, and consolations of the Mediterranean.

Through and across these obstacles the caravan route picked its way. It left China by the Jade Gate, the northwestern gate of China at the fortress town now called Yü-men Kuan, and skirted the Takla Makan desert by a series of oases. Kashgar, at the foot of the Pamirs, was the mid-point, and once over the mountains the caravans generally passed by way of Samarkand, Baghdad, and Palmyra to the port of Antioch at the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean. This was the principal route. Some caravans passed to the south of the Takla Makan desert, some to the north. There were several alternative routes through Persia, and at the Mediterranean end the trade was dispersed throughout the marts and seaports of the Levant. Feeder routes joined the main highway from the south—from the Ganges Delta at one end of India, and from the Indus basin, through Afghanistan, at the other. The route was something like four thousand miles from end to end, running across some of the most terrible and splendid country in the world—murderously cold in winter, indescribably hot in summer—and through territories that had never given birth to civilizations of their own, and were marked on the maps of the ancients as one huge and forbidding blank.

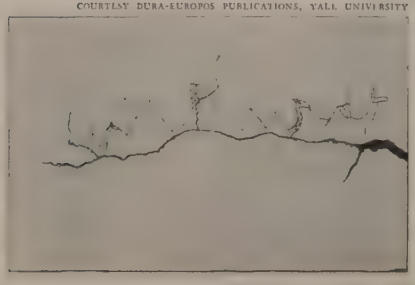
In the second century before Christ, when this highway was dimly beginning to take shape, Central Asia was patchily controlled by a gallimaufry of kingdoms, petty princelings, and bands of predatory nomads. To the east, under the vigorous and benevolent rule of the Han emperors, China was enjoying one of its intermittent golden ages and was systematically pushing its boundaries to the west. In the west Rome had established her first footholds in Syria and was

The sight of silk may have undone the Roman armies at Carrhae, but Rome was soon to become an eager market for the splendid fabrics of China. This Roman medallion of the fourth century A.D. *shows a well-dressed mother, son, and daughter—with the latter sporting a silk mantle. Not all silk-clad ladies were so sedate. Three centuries earlier Pliny the Elder complained about the latest feminine fashion in Rome—"naked draperies" of transparent China silk.*

MUSEO CIVICO, BRESCIA

The ancient caravan routes are indicated above by the turquoise lines. The new Pan-Asian

COURTESY DURA-EUROPOS PUBLICATIONS, YALE UNIVERSITY

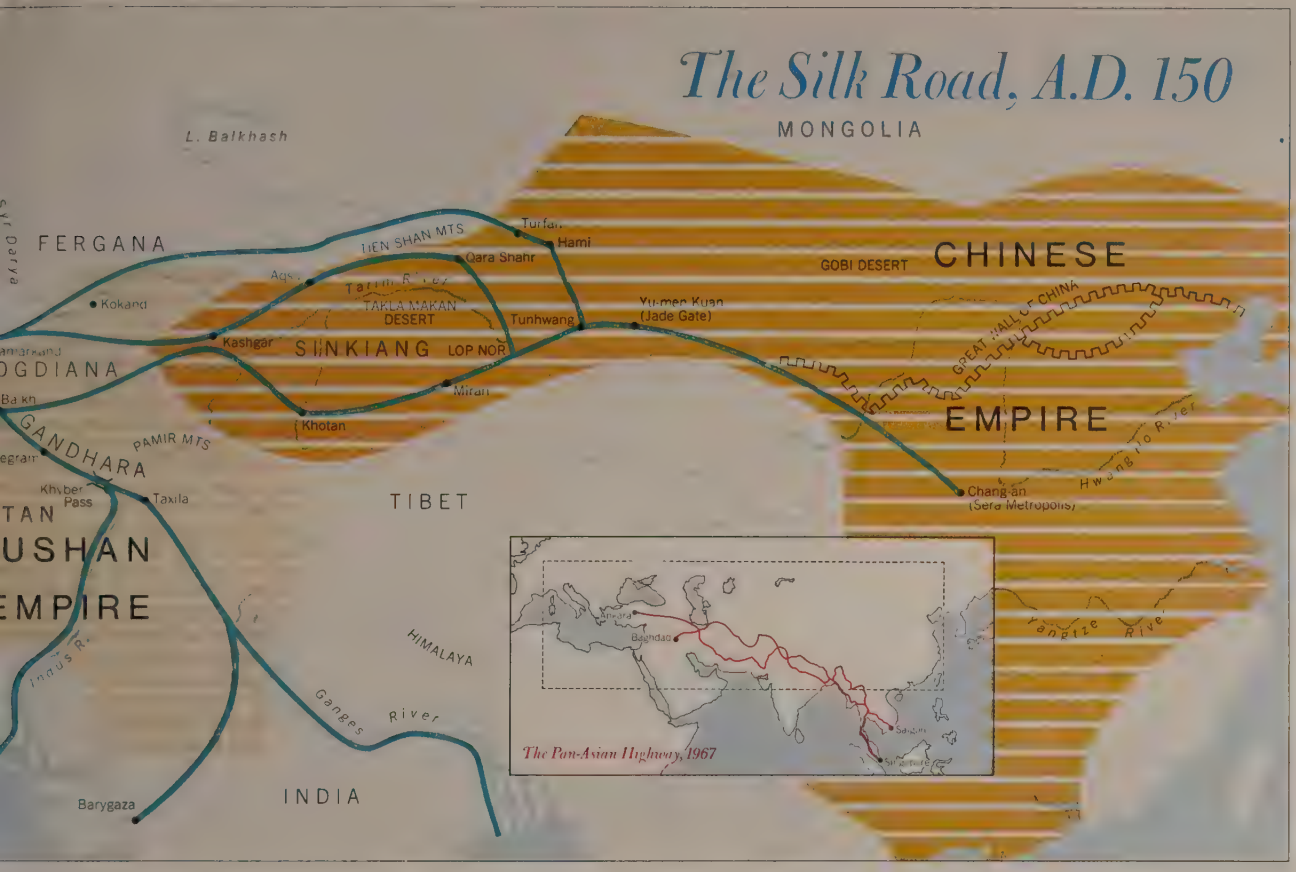


The camel hardly interested artists at the Roman end of the Silk Road, but about A.D. *200 some observer of the passing scene carved this graffito on a wall at Dura-Europos. It is the only caravan picture that exists.*

pressing eastward across Mesopotamia. Between them lay a power jungle. The kingdom of Parthia commanded the gap between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf, its influence extending as far as the Pamirs. On the other side of the mountains the people called the Great Kushans were establishing an empire. In the wastelands of Sinkiang sundry fierce little powers rose and fell, while nomads from Tibet whooped about on ponies, plundering the route and raiding the oases. And threatening all from their strongholds to the north, sometimes falling upon the route with rapine and bloodshed, were the fearful Hiung-Hu—the Huns.

The western portion of the route, as far as the Pamirs, was dimly known to the West: Alexander had passed this way in the fourth century B.C. on his way to conquer India. The eastern portion was known to the Chinese, whose first commercial interest in Central Asia was the celebrated "celestial horse" of Fergana—a breed in appearance rather like a modern Anglo-Arab, so formidable that it was supposed to sweat blood (though in fact a parasite burrowing under the skin gave it this alarming reputation). Beyond the Pamirs, either way, all was mystery.

The powers at each end of the route knew nothing of one another. Each was only a rumor. The Chinese had heard whispers of cultivated nations far beyond the Asian steppes—possibly their first



MAP BY FRANCIS & SHAW

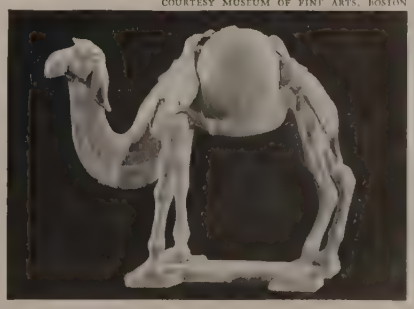
ighway from Ankara to Indonesia, to be completed in this decade, is shown on the inset map

inkling that there existed any civilized people other than themselves. The Romans knew that somewhere far to the east, beyond India, there lived a powerful people to whom the Greeks had given the name "Seres"; but just where the country of the Seres was, and what kind of people they were, nobody knew. Nobody in the West had seen a Chinese. Nobody in the East had seen a European. Eratosthenes's map of the world, drawn in 220 B.C., begins to peter out at the Tigris and ends altogether at the Ganges Delta, which is shown pouring into the unknown seas of the farthest East. Rome and China were like islands separated by an uncharted ocean.

By the middle of the first century B.C. the gap was closing. The four empires along the route had given it a certain security. The Han emperors had subdued much of the wild country on the western marches of China, south of the Gobi, making the route safe against Huns and Tibetans. The Kushans firmly policed the eastern approaches to the Pamirs, the Parthians controlled the western. The armies of Rome, under the command of the proconsul Crassus, were vigorously at war with Parthia in eastern Syria. Only a single great impulse, of war or of commerce, was needed to pierce the veil that lay between the eastern and western civilizations.

On a summer day in the year 53 B.C., Crassus and seven Roman legions crossed the Euphrates in pursuit of a Parthian force. When

COURTESY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON



The Chinese thought so highly of camels that they often buried effigies of them with the dead, to deliver luxuries to the deceased in the next world. This figurine is one such offering, of the seventh century or later.

Palmyra was the golden link in the chain of the silk trade, a free city ruled only by its merchants, who grew rich on duties they levied against the luxury goods exchanged by Roman and Parthian traders at this Syrian oasis. The Temple of Bel, in the center below, stood at the end of a colonnaded thoroughfare down which the caravans plodded regularly out of the desert. Palmyra seemed destined to endless prosperity, until Queen Zenobia, in a vainglorious attempt to create an empire, incurred the wrath of the Romans. In A.D. *273 they razed the city and left it to the sands. Zenobia's portrait survives on a few of the coins she issued. Palmyra's heyday is dimly reflected in such rare mementos as the token showing the caravan god Arsu, and the glass bottle, once transported out of Palmyra to markets in the Kushan Empire.*

Queen Zenobia

Arsu, the caravan god

Glass bottle from Syria

they reached the far bank, the enemy turned upon them, surrounding the Roman army, terrifying its soldiers with barbaric battle cries and drumbeats, and eventually inflicting upon the legions one of the most disastrous defeats in the history of Rome. Crassus, his son, and twenty thousand of his soldiers died. As the Parthians moved in for the kill they suddenly unfurled some majestic battle standards, such as the Romans had never seen before—brilliantly dyed and made of a material unimaginably sumptuous. Tradition says it was the abrupt appearance of these arcane devices that finally broke the morale of the legions; certainly the banners lingered in the Roman memory, and in the end it was the fascination of that astonishing fabric, first glimpsed by Romans upon the battlefield of Carrhae, that brought the trans-Asia route to life and established a thin and transient connection between Rome and China.

Later historians named the great highway for its principal *raison d'etre*, and it has been known ever since as the Silk Road.

"I need not explain," Gibbon nobly observes, "that *silk* is originally spun from the bowels of a caterpillar, and that it composes the golden tomb from whence a worm emerges in the form of a butterfly." It had first been woven by the Chinese, or so they liked to claim, some twenty-six centuries before, when the wife of the emperor Huang-Ti had sponsored the growing of mulberry trees, the rearing of silkworms and the reeling of silk, and had even invented the loom. Silk became essential to the style and flavor of China. Noble families concerned themselves with its production, and at first its use was reserved for the emperor himself; tribute was paid to him in silk. When its use spread to the commonalty, the prosperity of whole provinces depended upon it. Foreign visitors were dazzled by the splendor of Chinese ceremonial robes, and rolls of silk were used as currency by the imperial government. Silk was used to reward particular services to the state, even to pay state salaries, and people hoarded bales of silk as they were later to hoard gold or old masters.

For more than two thousand years the Chinese kept the secret of silk altogether to themselves. It was the most jealously guarded secret in history, preserved far more successfully than the Venetians were later to protect their monopoly of glass. The Romans had long ago heard of this mysterious substance. Alexander's men had doubtless been told of silk in India, and from the Greek word for it, *ser*, their name for China had been derived. Aristotle, in the fourth century B.C., had written of "a great worm which has horns," from whose cocoons women spun thread; and on the island of Kos in the Aegean, they wove a seductively flimsy textile, the Coa Vestis, which may have come from raw silk. In Roman literature there were repeated baffled allusions to silk. Some supposed it to be a vege-

OVERLEAF: *Afghanistan's valley of Bamian was one of the most overpowering sights on the caravan road. Here, at the foot of the Hindu Kush mountains, in the fourth century* A.D., *Buddhist missionaries from India carved a 175-foot-tall statue of their lord, around which they hewed out chapels for themselves in the sheer cliff. From these eyries they could watch the caravans arriving from Samarkand, Palmyra, the Khyber Pass. The huge statue (in the niche to the right of center), once painted in polychrome and gilded, is now weathered and partially defaced.*

MARC RIBOUD—MAGNUM

table, some thought it was made from the bark of a tree, and Pliny the Elder fancied it a textile made "from the hair of the sea-sheep."

When at last the first consignments of silk reached the Romans out of Asia, it acted on them like a drug. Its sensual iridescence intoxicated them, its romantic origins and fabulous cost gave it a snobbish allure, and at one time it was literally almost worth its weight in Roman gold: Aurelian, in the third century after Christ, reported that a pound of silk fetched twelve ounces of gold. Through the climax and decline of imperial Rome, in Rome itself and in Byzantium, under pagan and under Christian emperors, silk retained its glamour: voluptuous patricians wallowed in it; degenerate youths flaunted it; conceited rulers made awnings out of it to demonstrate their wealth; and even Cleopatra felt herself enhanced by it, so Lucan says, when she appeared at a banquet in a silk gown.

Sumptuary laws were repeatedly passed to keep the indulgence in check—at one time silk was reserved for the use of women only—but they had little effect, and in the third century A.D. the profligate emperor Heliogabalus capped it all by appearing dressed from head to foot in silk: the first, says Gibbon, "who, by this effeminate habit, had sullied the dignity of an emperor and a man."

In the eastern Roman Empire silk played the same role it had in China two thousand years before: the court, the church, and the nobility used it lavishly, and the state itself set up processing plants —huge factories called Gynaeceums, into which women entered more or less for life, like devotees of a cult, condemned to live forever with the secrets of their craft. The demand for silk grew more intense as the ceremonials of Christianity grew more elaborate, and ever more gorgeous fabrics were created—brocades of silk and golden thread, and the marvelous *opus plumarium*, a cloth interwoven with birds' feathers. Finally, in the sixth century A.D., Justinian declared the wearing and the sale of silk to be an imperial monopoly and thus set a Roman seal upon an industry that had for so many centuries been part of the Roman splendor.

Still, the silk itself, the basis of all these passions and profits, had to come from the East, and through all these centuries the caravans laboring across Asia remained a thread that linked Rome with China. A sea route to the East was opened, too, and from the first century A.D. ships from Egypt picked up cargoes of silk in India. It was the overland route, nevertheless, that remained the most fruitful link between the two civilizations, and along it the Roman-Hellenic and the Chinese cultures tentatively reached out to one another.

Probably no one made the journey from end to end. It was a staggered trade route, a route of middlemen; its products passed from merchant to merchant, oasis to oasis, increasing in price all the way, and emerging mysteriously at the other end, as though they

The oasis of Tunhwang at the edge of the Gobi desert was an important way station on the Silk Road, for there the northern and southern routes through Sinkiang rejoined. Buddhist monks, arriving in the fourth century A.D., carved grottoes into the soft cliffs (at right), where they lived and painted magnificent pictures of the Buddha. The city, known as the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas", was said to have that many painted grottoes, but Chinese scholars today say there are only 486.

DOMINIQUE DARBOIS

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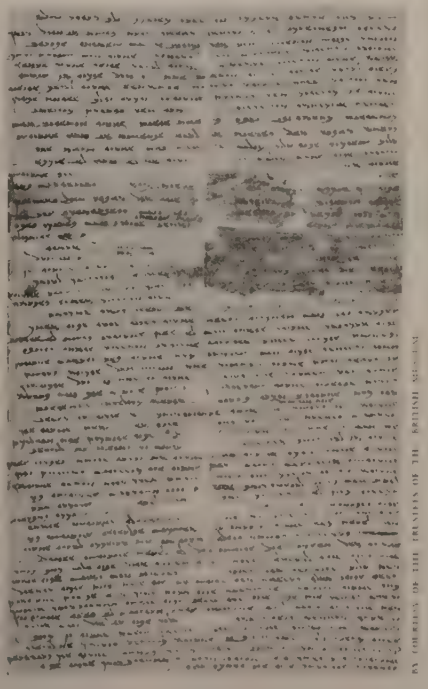
had come from another world. The contact between the empires was almost never direct. In A.D. 97 a Chinese envoy was sent to establish relations with Rome, but he never got far beyond Parthia; in A.D. 166 an envoy sent by Antonius Pius is supposed to have reached China, but he made the journey by sea. The Chinese had relations with the Parthians, the Kushans sent an embassy to Rome; but China and Rome did not know each other.

Yet along the way, vicariously, their civilizations met. In the cruelest part of the Silk Road, the basin of the Tarim River on the edge of the Takla Makan desert of Sinkiang, the arts and skills of the two worlds shyly overlapped. This germination appears to have happened in the second or third century A.D., and the oases of the Tarim basin became, like Venice later, cultural frontier posts where two mainstreams mingled. The oasis settlements, solitary on the edge of the sands, had blossomed with the passing trade. Irrigated gardens surrounded them, with orchards of apples and apricots, fields of maize and wheat, vines, and watermelon beds. There men who had glimpsed the one civilization could talk to men who knew the other, and there two traditions of art met face to face. At places like Lop Nor and Miran, totally unknown to the West, art forms were created—frescoes, rock carvings, sculptures, scripts—that blended the Chinese traditions with the Hellenic traditions of the Roman West, and were also subtly ornamented with flourishes of Indian art and grace notes of Persia. Rome and China touched.

But the exchanges of the Silk Road were lopsided. From the West and from India there now flowed into China all sorts of rich things, and still richer ideas. Wools, gold, jade, pomegranates, myrrh, Bactrian horses, Roman glass—all these traveled eastward along the Silk Road. Christianity, "the doctrine of Ta-Chin," reached China—in its Nestorian form, which denied the divinity of Christ—together with the religions of the Manichaeans and Zoroastrians. Most significant of all, there passed into China out of India, by way of the Silk Road, the faith of Buddhism. At a time when the stability of the Han dynasty was beginning to crack, and the ideas of Confucius to lose their prestige, the first powerful missions of Buddhism were arriving in China. They attracted common people by their trappings of sorcery and mysticism, and educated men by the calmness and certainty of their doctrines. With them there entered China the Buddhist art of the Gandhara region in Afghanistan—an art in which Indian forms had been recognizably tinged with Greek influence, perhaps as a legacy from Alexander. The Chinese image of the Buddha was to retain forever a certain Mediterranean precision of profile and grace of drapery, just as Buddhism itself was to take root in China, the only alien religion absorbed into the Chinese presence.

And what came west, out of the Jade Gate? No great ideas, no revelations of design, no burning controversies, no missionaries. Chinese art and literature, Chinese religion, even the Chinese script, remained unknown to the West. There were no translations of Chinese books, and scarcely a glimmering of Chinese science escaped to the other half of the world. Both paper and printing had been invented in China by the end of the second century A.D.; the Mediterranean world had to wait until the eighth century for paper and until the fifteenth century for printing. Only one kind of merchan-

The Great Wall (opposite) snakes over the mountains of northern China for twelve hundred and fifty miles, a monument to China's fear of the Mongols. Built in the third century B.C., it later facilitated Han dynasty incursions into Central Asia, where the emperor sought herds of the fabled horses of Fergana. The jade head above (c. third century) may represent one of this breed. The paper fragment below, dated A.D. 313, is a letter from a Sogdian silk merchant to headquarters in Samarkand. It is the oldest piece of paper known and was found in a spur of the Great Wall.



dise came out of China: that golden tomb of caterpillars, silk.

Power shifted along the Silk Road. The Parthian emperors gave way to the Persian kings, who stood astride the road in a glitter of exquisite art and unyielding business acumen. The Kushan empire faded, and the people called the Sogdians rose to a new and lively eminence—painting, writing, building fine buildings, irrigating arid lands, making glass and textiles and such splendid armor that Tamerlane himself would fight in nothing else. Diverse merchant communities of the Levant—Jews, Syrians, Palmyrenes—based their fortunes on the silk trade; middlemen and entrepreneurs all along the route took their cut, from the inexorable Persians, through whose customhouses every caravan must pass, to the incorrigible Nabataeans on the frontiers of Arabia, who saw that a substantial share of the profits reached their rock-embedded capital of Petra—if not in the course of commerce, at least by way of loot.

Palmyra, in the Syrian Desert, became the grand archetype of the merchant state, founding all its splendors upon the takings of the transit trade. It was a city of stupendous wealth in the heart of a bare desert, astutely playing off the Romans against Parthians until, in the third century A.D., its flamboyant queen, Zenobia, carried affluence too far, over-stepped the limits of political propriety, and ended up walking in golden chains through the streets of Rome, accompanied by tigers, elephants, and a thousand gladiators in one of the most spectacular of the Roman triumphs.

When a confident great power controlled Central Asia—China in its moods of primacy, or the rising empire of the Turks from southern Siberia—then trade flowed safely. At other periods the Huns and Tibetans infested the route, robbers abounded, local tyrants imposed their own dues or exacted their own tributes in kind. Yet through it all the caravans of the Silk Road continued to pass, changing little down the centuries, and generally following the same ancient routes. Every caravan master must have known, if only by the grapevine of his trade, the landmarks of the route: the Jade Gate itself, where China proper ended and the world of the barbarians began; the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas at Tunhwang, a labyrinth of sacred grottoes each with its tall stone figure of the Enlightened One; the fearful sand desert before Lop Nor, where inimical spirits with drums and weird music lured susceptible travelers away from the caravan; the mysterious Stone Tower halfway along the route, the frozen lakes high in the Pamirs; the steppes of the Kara Kum; the great cities of Samarkand, Bukhara, and Merv; and then the golden way through Persia, Palmyra's pillars in the desert, the aromatic gardens of Lebanon, the marts of the Jews and the Syrians, and the swift Greek ships at their wharves, waiting to speed those precious bales to Byzantium, Alexandria, or Rome itself.

Sometimes a thousand yaks or camels passed in a single caravan along this way, between one stage and another, one middleman and the next. Their bells tinkled defiantly across those empty landscapes of Asia, their patrolling dogs barked in the icy night, and generation upon generation of traveling merchants knew their immemorial camping sites. Like a fleet reaching a distant haven, these great companies of men and animals would lurch into the next oasis, smelling of sweat, woodsmoke, and untanned leather, slung about with

THE SECRETS OF SILK-MAKING

As demonstrated in a set of eighteenth-century Chinese water colors

1 *Begin with a number of silk moths and a basket to hold the eggs they lay. The moths will die.*

2 *Place the eggs on sheets of paper and hang them on racks until spring. The larvae will hatch when the mulberry trees begin to leaf.*

5 *When the worms are mature, put them on an inclined screen. They will spin silk as they climb and wrap themselves in cocoons.*

MUSÉE DES TISSUS, LYON

3 *Gather the leaves and chop. Put them in a basket with the worms.*

4 *Set them out on racks. They will feed noisily for several nights and days, pausing only for sleep.*

6 *Hang the screens up, cover them with cloth, and allow the cocoon skins to harden about a week.*

7 *Smoke them to kill the pupae, which would otherwise develop into moths and emerge, breaking the silk filaments they are encased in.*

10 *Weave it, dye it, bale it, and ship it abroad at a good profit.*

8 *Soften the cocoon in hot wa find the thread's end, draw it o*

9 *Wind the thread off its sk onto a bobbin; it is ready to wea*

BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The secrets of silk-making, so carefully guarded by the Chinese, were betrayed, it is said, by this Chinese princess, who hid some silkworms in her headdress when she was sent to marry the ruler of Khotan. This seventh-century portrait of her in that famous headdress is painted on a wooden panel found near Khotan in 1900, a miraculous find that seems almost to confirm the old legend. The resplendent prince opposite, holding a flower, was a Uighur —one of a Central Asian people whose flourishing culture depended in large part on a silk-trading economy. The portrait was painted on a silk banner in the ninth century. The pose and the flower are thought to reflect influences of Persian painting.

bales and tentage, shrouded against the dust, cloaked against the cold—lumbering with shouts and curses into the caravanserai, the camels grunting and belching, the caravan masters greeting old acquaintances, the merchants preparing their wits to haggle a price.

Gibbon says it took two hundred and forty-three days to travel from China to the Syrian coast; if modern trade routes are anything to go by, many a bale lay for weeks at a time under a trader's counter waiting for clearance, or a bill of lading, or camel space—or simply forgotten. Still nobody knew the Silk Road from end to end, and no European had set eyes upon the inconceivable settlements of highest Asia beyond the Pamirs: Aqsu and Hotien, Qara Shahr and Kokand, or the remotest of them all, Sera Metropolis, the silk capital, somewhere in the heart of China.

In the third century after Christ the secret of silk-making began to leak out at last. The Japanese learned it first, and in the fifth century, so tradition says, a Chinese princess, betrothed to one of the petty Central Asian rulers, smuggled some silkworms out with her, concealing them in her elaborate headdress. Before long the silkworm was taken into India and westward along the Silk Road to Persia, and in about the year A.D. 550 the first silkworms ever to reach Europe arrived at the court of the emperor in Byzantium. The Byzantines were then smarting under the impositions of the Persians, who controlled both the land and the sea routes to the East and were charging exorbitant dues on silks. The emperor Justinian was therefore delighted when two Christian monks who had lived in China arrived at his court and offered to bring him silkworms of his own. He sent them posthaste back to the East, and two years later they returned with the eggs of silk moths hidden in a bamboo cane. Before long the Byzantines became expert sericulturists, sending their fabrics all over the Western world and even into Persia, and so the great age of the Silk Road ended.

Silk still traveled along it, for the Western fabrics never quite achieved the gossamer delicacy of the Chinese, and anyway the demand was so great that the factories of Byzantium, hampered by the imperial monopoly, could not satisfy it. But the contact grew feebler, the trade less each year, and in the eighth century the Moslems, bursting out of their native Arabia, took Persia and blocked the route. In another century it was almost abandoned. China had withdrawn behind its frontiers, Central Asia was ravaged by warring barbarians, and the outposts of the Christian world were the Crusader castles of Palestine. When Marco Polo passed along the route in the thirteenth century, under the protection of the conquering Mongols, even the memory of that fragile cultural overlap was lost. The garden oases of the Tarim were neglected or deserted, their spirit long since broken by bandit nomads, their cultures destroyed, and many of their inhabitants taken away to slavery. Those few thrilling blossomings of a Sino-Hellenic culture, those juxtapositions of forms from the two ends of the earth, would be forgotten for centuries to come. As for China, so absolute was its enigma still that Europeans of the day refused to believe Marco Polo's stories of its marvels, scoffed at his superlatives, and called him Il Milione.

So the countries of the Central Asian plateau retreated once again into legend. The territories beyond the Pamirs—Sinkiang, Mongolia,

WILLIAM TANZER—UNITED NATIONS; OPPOSITE: SAME

One of the most ambitious projects of the United Nations is the building of the new Pan-Asian highway from Ankara all the way to Indonesia. It will enable Asian countries to trade easily among themselves for the first time since the caravan trade died out. The road is only a blueprint at many points, but the Afghan highway is well under way. The section opposite is near Kabul. The signpost above, near the Khyber Pass, thoughtfully segregates traffic. Perhaps the road will one day cross the borders of China, its traditional destination.

the spirit desert of Lop Nor—all these were almost as unknown to Europeans of the nineteenth century as they had been to Eratosthenes. It was not until 1906 that Sir Aurel Stein, a scholar-nomad himself, wandering up and down the trade routes year after year, rediscovered the fascinating frescoes and rock sculptures of Lop Nor—the first evidence of that ancient intermingling, and as romantic a find as ever an archaeologist made. Even in our own time Central Asia has been country for adventurers, almost a blank on the map, still separating like a void the cultures of East and West.

For a time, during the heyday of the alliance between Soviet Russia and Communist China, it seemed that the Silk Road might come into its own again. The Sino-Soviet Railway, begun in the late 1950's with the help of thousands of young enthusiasts from all over the world, ran along part of the route, through Turfan and Hami to Yü-men Kuan, the Jade Gate itself. A town called "Friendship" was hopefully founded at the place where the railroad, passing through the ferocious Dzungarian Gates on the edge of Kazakhstan, entered Russia, and all sorts of symbolic ceremonies were enacted, with fervent speeches about fraternal exchanges and eternal co-operation.

On either side of the Pamirs in Russian Turkistan and Chinese Sinkiang, new cities have been built, industries established, pipelines laid, oilrigs bored; and the old feeder route from the Indus basin is coming alive again as trade increases between Pakistan and Russia, and the trucks labor up through the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan and the Uzbek country. The United Nations Economic Agency for the Far East has entered still further into the spirit of the Silk Road with a monumental project for a Pan-Asian Highway, a network of routes, like so many caravan trails themselves, to link the Middle and Far East. Like embroideries around the ancient tracks, they follow the traces through Persia and Afghanistan, running away to the south through Pakistan and India to Saigon, the Malay Peninsula, and the spice islands that are now called Indonesia.

But even these Olympian enterprises stop short at the Chinese border, and the dotted lines of the projected routes shy warily away to the south. The contact of the Silk Road has never fired; the void separating China from the West remains a hazard and a tragedy.

Think what the route might have meant to the world! Suppose the Romans and the Chinese, when the thread of silk had first quivered between their hands, had broken through the barrier of the Parthians to meet in alliance at the Pamirs. Or suppose the literature, philosophy, arts, and sciences of China had flowed freely westward to the Mediterranean, to make one world out of two. What a prospect the Silk Road offered, of two immense and noble civilizations, totally different in kind—even, in a sense, in time—becoming familiar to each other nevertheless, and perhaps creating a third.

But it was a prodigy *manqué;* and now even its eponym has lost its glory. Cleopatras are no longer stroked in silk, Heliogabaluses do not flutter in it, and the battle standards of armies are made of nylon.

As roving correspondent for the Manchester Guardian, *James Morris has traveled throughout the world and in most of the countries the Silk Road crossed. His most recent books are* The Presence of Spain *and* Oxford. *One on the British Empire in the 1890's is under way.*

Leonardo's Ginevra

Recently acquired by the National Gallery of Art for the highest price ever paid for a painting, Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Ginevra de' Benci is a masterpiece still shrouded in mystery

COURTESY *Life* MAGAZINE, © TIME INC.

For more than two hundred and fifty years the family whose grim Alpine castle appears opposite owned a painting much disputed and greatly prized. It is the portrait of a young lady of Florence named Ginevra de' Benci—Ginevra di Amerigo de' Benci, to be more exact, although the lady's middle name signified no family attachment to the New World. In 1457, when Ginevra was born, America had not yet been discovered, let alone named. America has become, nonetheless, the last resting place of Ginevra's portrait. It was obtained early this year by the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., from the owner of the castle, Prince Franz Josef II of Liechtenstein, for some five million dollars, the highest known price ever paid for a painting.

To explain why this small oil painting has been disputed and why it has been so prized it is enough, perhaps, to say that it came from the hand of Leonardo da Vinci.

With the great Leonardo—"the Hamlet of art," as he has been called—contradictions can be heaped upon contradictions. He would seize on some problem that fascinated his incredibly restless mind—the drawing of curling locks of hair, the play of light on macabre skulls—and pursue it relentlessly through pages and pages of now treasured notebooks. Yet he also failed, frequently and lamentably, to finish what he started. The peerless drawings that Leonardo made for paintings he never started were borrowed by hangers-on for their own work, and others completed the master's partly finished canvases for him—or for themselves. Of many paintings it was often impossible to say which portion was Leonardo's and which was the work of a follower. The great nineteenth-century art critic Walter Pater wrote a famous account of Leonardo's artistry based on many paintings that Leonardo never painted.

When more tough-minded scholars had finished clearing away the confusion, the results were astonishing. In the entire world, it was found, there survive no more than seventeen authenticated paintings—some experts say nine—by Leonardo, the scanty output of a half-century-long career. The Ginevra portrait is the first recognized Leonardo painting to reside in America, and it may well be the last.

A Leonardo painting, then, is an extreme rarity, though any Leonardo work is far more than that. Few as Leonardo's paintings are, their cumulative force is unsurpassed, for they revolutionized the art of the Western world. The curiously remote, sunlit paintings of the fifteenth century represent the art of Leonardo's youth. The grand masterpieces of the High Renaissance—the works of Raphael, Titian, and Tintoretto—represent the art that followed in his wake. The art of beautifully modeled figures set in a palpable atmosphere of light and air, this was the art invented by Leonardo. Until Leonardo, it has been said, Western art bears a family resemblance to the art of the rest of the world. After Leonardo, Western art took a course uniquely its own.

Almost at the very outset of Leonardo's strange and incomparable career there stands his portrait of Ginevra de' Benci. It was painted about 1480—the date is not certain—when Leonardo was still in his twenties and not yet master of his mature style. Nonetheless the mark of original genius is upon this masterpiece. When Ginevra de' Benci sat for her portrait, young Leonardo's great gift to future painters was already taking shape. Whether Ginevra herself approved of the results is not known. The face in the painting is lovely, but it is also uncomfortably tense. It is youthful but strangely wary. It is the face of a lady who cannot relax or relent. Such a lady once lived in Florence and left her small mark. Two decades before Leonardo painted the *Mona Lisa* he clearly commanded his unique power to portray, in Pater's words, "the soul with all its maladies."

The portrait, reproduced in color on the cover of this issue, was done in oil and tempera on a poplar panel 15⅛ by 14½ inches. The National Gallery has put it in this sixteenth-century Italian frame.

Vaduz Castle (opposite) is the seat of Liechtenstein's ruling prince, Franz Josef II, former owner of Leonardo's portrait of Ginevra.

A beauty too good for Florence

By birth, at least, Ginevra was privileged. The Bencis were wealthy and rising, a prominent banking family in a city ruled by merchants and bankers. A lovely looking girl, Ginevra grew up in a Florentine *palazzo* acquired by the family in 1462 when they turned two four-story town houses into a single dwelling, which still stands on a street known as the Via de' Benci.

Now, to be rich and good-looking in fifteenth-century Florence was far more than an ordinary privilege, for Florence in Ginevra's lifetime was at the height of its glory, ruled over by Lorenzo de' Medici, "Il Magnifico." It was a city that lived exuberantly on a heady diet of gorgeous pageants, masques, and reckless carnivals. It was a life-loving city, happily and creatively bursting the bonds of its stern republican past. It was the Renaissance spirit incarnate.

Despite her privileges, Ginevra de' Benci seems to have played no happy part in her city's happy hour. The face Leonardo saw when he set out to paint her portrait is one of a woman out of step with her own exciting time.

The name Ginevra, in dialectal Italian, means "juniper," and a juniper insignia appears on the back of Leonardo's portrait. It is shown below, encircled by two arching branches, of palm and of laurel, and by a scroll bearing a Latin motto meaning "beauty

adorns virtue." The juniper motif appears also in the portrait itself. It is the foliage of the juniper that frames Ginevra's golden, curling hair. The use of such identifying motifs was rare, but Leonardo—who always maintained a severe and distant attitude toward women—may have seen in the stiff, spiky juniper an emblem not entirely inappropriate for Ginevra. (The juniper was, in fact, a symbol of escape from the thorny, wicked world. When the Virgin Mary fled Herod's soldiers and sought concealment for herself and the infant Jesus, according to Tuscan legend the juniper parted its branches to receive them in friendly embrace. Ever since, branches of it have been hung like holly in Tuscan houses at Christmastime.)

Ginevra was a small, fragile young lady, affectionately dubbed by contemporaries "La Bencina." She had four sisters and two brothers, one of whom, Giovanni, was a friend of Leonardo's. It may have been through Giovanni that Leonardo obtained his commission to paint her portrait. At sixteen Ginevra, bearing a handsome dowry of 1,400 florins, worth at least $25,000 today, was wed to a thirty-two-year-old widower named Luigi Niccolini, a fast-rising official from a family long entrenched in government circles. By the time Ginevra was twenty her husband had become chief magistrate. Two years later, in 1480, he became one of the six magistrates entrusted to administer the city's affairs. That same year, however, Ginevra's husband reported in his tax return that he had more debts than assets. His lovely wife, who had given him no children, had proved to be a financial burden: she was often under the care of physicians. She was also extremely devout, a pious lady who zealously collected religious objects.

Such a woman must have been ill equipped to enjoy the Renaissance freedom of Florence, though some of her kinsmen enjoyed it thoroughly. There was, for example, a young Benci named Bartolommeo. He figures in a gossip's letter to Lorenzo de' Medici as a "noble youth" who brought laughter to the wintry streets by throwing snowballs one night at his fiancée, an emancipated young heiress of whom it was said she "lived where she liked and did what she would." There was, more painfully for Ginevra, Bartolomea, the wife of her Uncle Donato de' Benci. A woman of Ginevra's age, Bartolomea at twenty-three had the honor of captivating none other than Lorenzo himself. Their affair lasted many years, to the delight of Florentine gossips and to the dismay of the Florentine writer Francesco Guicciardini, who heartily disapproved of Lorenzo being so "constant in his loves." Bartolomea seems to have had considerable influence with Il Magnifico. He once rusticated two companions to Oriental embassies because she disliked them. "What foolishness," Guicciardini commented, "that one of such great reputation and prudence, forty years old, should be so taken with a woman who was not beautiful and already well along in years." (Bartolomea was then, presumably, thirty-two.)

Ginevra was so scandalized by the romance that she quit Florence to live in the countryside. This prompted Lorenzo to write two sonnets to Ginevra in praise of her virtue. "Devout spirit," he addresses her. Possibly it pleased Lorenzo to have the pious niece of his mistress out of the way, for in one sonnet he advises Ginevra, no doubt with tongue in cheek, not to look back upon Florence, "this furnace of abomination."

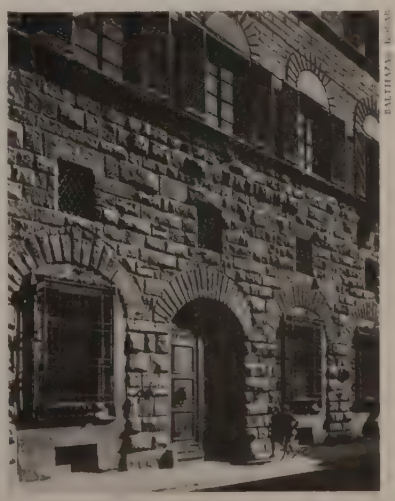
When the searing, fulminating Savonarola began in 1490 to denounce these very vices and vanities—the painted faces of Florentine women and the pagan worldliness of the wellborn—it is possible that Ginevra was among those who flocked to hear that spellbinding voice.

Ginevra died, at the then ripe age of about sixty-three, outliving her husband by fifteen years and the painter of her youthful portrait by one.

Lorenzo de' Medici, brilliant, versatile ruler of Florence, wrote pious sonnets to Ginevra while conducting an affair with her aunt. Here is one:

As Lot flew with the daughters of his bed
Sodom in its prodigious conflagration,
His wife turning to view that just damnation,
A trunk of salt stood rooted in her stead.
So—by a prodigy of grace—you fled
This town, this furnace of abomination:
Go, gentle soul, a holy dispensation
Forbids that you should even turn your head.
Our Good Shepherd in seeking you forsook
Whole flocks for a lamb, and back to the fold
Brought you rejoicing in his arms that day.
Eurydice, when Orpheus stole a look,
Was almost free, but fell back in the hold
Of Hell: so do not turn, Hell lies this way.

Translated by David Rattray



The de' Bencis' masonry town house, Ginevra's childhood home, has outlasted the family, which died out in 1611.

The emblem of the juniper (ginepro) *is painted on the back of the portrait panel; the seal is that of an eighteenth-century ruler of Liechtenstein.*

How do we know it's by Leonardo?

ALINARI; BELOW, FROM *Leonardo da Vinci* BY JENS THIIS

Verrocchio's Lady with Primroses, *done in 1478, may have provided the model for Leonardo's treatment of the hands now missing from Ginevra's portrait.*

A reconstruction of the juniper emblem shows how the back of the panel probably looked before the six-inch strip was cut from the bottom of the painting.

The obvious premise of the preceding discussion is that the portrait of Ginevra is actually the work of Leonardo da Vinci. This would not be worth remarking were it not for the fact that it has been sharply questioned in the past. Today these doubts for the most part have been dispelled, but not without considerable effort.

The doubts have rested largely on the disturbingly sketchy history of the almost five-hundred-year-old painting. For perhaps two hundred years after it was painted the portrait of Ginevra simply dropped out of sight. It did not reappear until it came into the hands of the princes of Liechtenstein sometime before 1733, the date when the red wax seal with the coat of arms of the then reigning prince was stamped on the back of the picture above the juniper symbol (see page 26). There the painting remained until February, 1967, when the ruling prince sold it to the National Gallery.

So rare is a work of Leonardo's youth that the portrait was not recognized as a Leonardo painting until 1866. However, as soon as one expert identified it as Leonardo's, other experts rose up to dispute the attribution and to suggest alternatives. That Leonardo painted some portrait of Ginevra de' Benci is beyond dispute. Around 1520 (a year after Leonardo's death) a historian of Florentine art noted that Leonardo "painted Ginevra di Amerigo Benci with such perfection that it is none other than she." The question then arises, was the Liechtenstein portrait of a woman named Ginevra the portrait Leonardo is known to have painted of Ginevra de' Benci? The dates are all in agreement; the Ginevra portrait is that of a young Florentine woman, and Ginevra de' Benci was young during the years Leonardo was in Florence. Art experts, however, are rightly cautious.

Skeptics could point out, for example, that Leonardo, in three other portraits, depicted the hands of his sitters, while hands are not shown in the Ginevra portrait. This question, however, has been plausibly answered by astute detective work. Examination of the painting shows that at some time a strip had been cut off the bottom of the picture. This alteration also cut off the base of the juniper insignia. Judging by the space needed to complete the wreath (fully redrawn at lower left), about six inches of the painting had been sheared away, enough to accommodate the hands. Moreover, there exists at Windsor Castle a beautiful Leonardo sketch of hands (opposite) that would fit the Ginevra portrait precisely and may, therefore, have been a preparatory sketch for the missing hands. Leonardo could have borrowed the positioning of the hands directly from a statue by Verrocchio (see left).

In the final analysis, however, all circumstantial evidence pales before a single historical judgment. At the time the portrait of Ginevra was painted nobody except Leonardo could have painted it.

Experts now point, for example, to the living glow of the flesh in Ginevra's portrait. Nobody before Leonardo had achieved such an effect. Again, there is the delicate modeling of the face, in which each minute variation of surface blends imperceptibly into the next. This was achieved by Leonardo through the fusing of light and shadow to produce soft, dissolving outlines—the *sfumato* forever associated with Leonardo's name. The artists around Leonardo placed their figures in the bright spotlight of an unchanging high noon. It was Leonardo who introduced into painting the atmosphere of twilight.

Finally, in that portrait, the artist has succeeded in portraying not just a lovely face but a face that registers the animating presence of a soul; the "motions of the mind" Leonardo called it. By capturing those "motions" in his portrait of Ginevra, Leonardo not only left behind the stamp of his authorship; he left behind yet another living, enigmatic presence to look at and wonder over. —WALTER KARP

Leonardo's study of hands (opposite), now at Windsor Castle, is thought to have been a preparatory sketch for his Ginevra portrait.

Z10

The discovery of America, said a historian of the eighteenth century, did nothing but spread death, disease, and destruction. It was an unmitigated disaster, a curse to mankind. And so began one of the great debates of the Enlightenment:

Was America A Mistake?

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

It is a typical eighteenth-century question, this, for the Enlightenment addressed itself only to the great questions and contemplated these incessantly. What a din of controversy and debate; what a clashing of minds and of philosophies; what a febrile interchange from country to country. What is the nature of the universe and of the celestial mechanics that God, or Nature, has imposed upon it? How does man fit into the cosmic system? Is primitive man happier than civilized man? Were the Greeks and the Romans superior to modern man? Is civilization itself a mistake? What is the origin of government? What is the end of government? Are wars ever justified? Are colonies worth their cost? What are the rights of man? What is virtue, what is happiness?

Even as recently as the late eighteenth century, Europeans took to bizarre concepts of the New World and its inhabitants. Here, in a detail from Giovanni Battista Tiepolo's 1752–53 allegorical fresco "America," a full-fleshed Amazon, thought to be a typical native American, bestrides an outsize alligator. She is surrounded by representatives of Europe (on her right) and of Africa and Asia.

These are the importunate questions that sent pens scratching across an infinity of pages, exploded into encyclopedias and histories and discourses and treatises by the hundreds. How they speculated, how they argued! They studied the past, they surveyed the present, they imagined the future. They read history, confident that they could wrest from it great moral lessons. They analyzed government to learn the spirit and the substance of the laws. With extensive view they surveyed mankind from China to Peru. They were all cosmic philosophers, even the meanest of them.

No question was more importunate, none more fascinating, than this: Was America a mistake? Was it a mistake to have discovered the strange new world? a mistake to have conquered it (if it was indeed conquered)? a mistake to plant colonies on its alien shores? Everywhere the philosophers debated the question, but nowhere more insistently than in France. And not the philosophers only, but scientists and statesmen and churchmen as well—they were all philosophers, to be sure. Who in that day was not?

It was the Frenchman Abbé Raynal who brought it all to a head, and we will do well to begin with him.

What an extraordinary figure he was, this Guillaume Raynal, prancing across the stage of Europe at midcentury, yet another of those *abbés* who are so ubiquitous in the period, another child of the Jesuits in revolt against that order. He was a preacher —for a time—a teacher, a man of letters. He was an economist. He was a philosopher, he was a historian, he was even a patron of the arts. Somewhere along the way (his critics said in the slave trade) he had picked up a fortune, and he dispensed it with a free hand: here a literary prize, there a subsidy to one of the academies that had honored him with membership, here support to the young Provençals who flocked about him in Paris, there —it happened to be on an island in the Lake of Lucerne—a statue to Liberty in the likeness of none other than the Abbé Raynal!

He was not a great man, far from it; but he wrote one of the great books of the age: *A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East*

TERRE
OCEANNE

and West Indies. That *History* was, in its day, like the *Encyclopédie* itself; it was a weapon, a force, an institution.

The work first appeared in 1770 (or was it 1772?—there is some confusion here) in four large volumes, then in eight, and eventually in twelve. It went through edition after edition, twenty authorized and forty or fifty more that were pirated. Franklin read it and was amused by it and provided materials that would modify its excesses; Jefferson read it and was moved to reply in his *Notes on Virginia.* Gibbon read it and admired it, and so did his rival, William Robertson, up in Edinburgh. Frederick the Great read it with enthusiasm until he came to an outrageous criticism of his wars, and then he threw it in the fire.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, the future slave Napoleon, read it in his hut in Haiti, spelling out the burning words, "Where is he, that great man, whom Nature owes to the honor of the human race? Where is he, that new Spartacus who will find no Crassus? Then the Black Code will vanish; how terrible will the White Code be!" In Paris, the Baron von Grimm read it. He read everything; it was his business to read everything, for six European sovereigns waited, breathless, for his reports. "Since Montesquieu," he wrote, "our literature has produced no monument that is worthier to pass to the remotest posterity, and"—mark this—"to consecrate the progress of our enlightenment." That was it. Raynal's great book was to consecrate the progress of the Enlightenment!

And what a history it was with its nineteen grand divisions: a magnificent potpourri of history, economics, politics, anthropology, and morality, written every which way and by half a dozen contributors, though Raynal saw to it that he got all the credit. It was the first history to deal with the expansion of Europe as a single grand theme, the first to do justice to the colored races, the first to fit together politics and economics and religion and society in a single pattern. It preached the immorality of war and the iniquity of colonies and the betrayal of religion by the Church and the right of revolution and the virtue of simplicity in contrast to the wickedness of sophistication.

If Raynal's book was not "against all governments and religions," as Horace Walpole wrote, it was certainly against the governments of those powers that had so wickedly exploited the two Indies. If it was not against all religion, it was certainly against the religion preached by the Jesuits to the Chinese and the Paraguayans and the Hurons. No wonder the book was anathema to the authorities of France; no wonder it was put on the Index, banned, and burned; no wonder it was read with rapture in every country in Europe.

> ". . . what was the message that Europe read in this flaming history? . . . The discovery of America was worse than a sin: it was a mistake. . . . For the American continents were primitive, degenerate, and irremediable."

And what was the message that Europe read in this flaming history? It was this: that wherever Europeans had gone, in the East or in the West, they had carried death, disease, and destruction. They had created empires—but at the price of ceaseless wars and of the lives of millions of innocent natives; not since the deluge had there been such desolation. They had added undreamed-of luxuries to life—and had enervated those who indulged in them. They had spread commerce but inflamed speculation, and had substituted the love of gold for the love of honor. They had spread Christianity and with it superstition and fanaticism. Worst of all, their religion had fastened slavery on half the globe.

The discovery of America was worse than a sin: it was a mistake. How much better for mankind had America remained hidden in that oblivion to which a kind nature had consigned her. For the American continents were primitive, degenerate, and irremediable. Everything in the New World, Raynal wrote, "exhibits the vestiges of a malady of which the human race still feels the effects. The ruin of that world is still imprinted on its inhabitants, they are a species of men degraded and degenerated in their natural constitution, in their stature, in their way of life, and in their understanding, which is but little advanced in all the arts of civilization. A damper air and a more marshy ground must necessarily have infected the very roots and seeds both of the subsistence and the multiplication of mankind."

Nature was corrupt, animal life feeble, and as for the savages who roamed the jungles and swamps and deserts, "they have less appearances of manhood, and are but little susceptible of the lively and powerful sentiment of love." And: "Men who have little more beard than eunuchs have, cannot abound in generating principles. The blood of these people is watery and cold; the males have sometimes milk in their breasts. Hence arises their tardy inclination to the sex . . . Hence . . . hath proceeded that want of population which hath always been observed in them."

It was not just the savages of Amer-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

By the middle of the sixteenth century, reports of cannibalism among the Indians began to clash severely with philosophical notions of the Noble Savage. The French map maker Guillaume Le Testu avoided the problem altogether with his 1555 map of Brazil (opposite) by showing both the idyllic and the savage in a bewildering blend. Adam-and-Eve-like, the Brazilians sleep blissfully in hammocks—and at the same time practice systematic butchery upon each other. The scribble of rivers seen at upper left represents the Río de la Plata system.

RESTON

Robert Simon's fiefdom on the Potomac could provide a blueprint for the good life in the twenty-first century—if it isn't already a museum piece

From the fifteenth floor of what must surely be the most audacious high-rise in all Virginia, Robert E. Simon, Jr., casts his eyes over the hills of his domain. Simon is heir to the Virginia tradition of the landed gentry. But on the eleven-and-a-half-square-mile tract that stretches out beneath him, he is raising not tobacco or racing horses; he is raising a new town. Builder and social engineer, Simon is a Virginia gentleman of the urban age.

Simon calls his city Reston, combining the RES of his own initials with the standard English suffix for "town." As a subtle bid for the favor of posterity, this is not characteristic of him. At fifty-two, he is a shy man who has never courted public praise or personal publicity. He thinks of himself more as a real-estate developer than as a social philosopher. But Simon is a man of ideas who, after having made millions as a New York real-estate man, decided to put his talents and his fortune into a difficult, complex, and exciting enterprise, the implications of which are immense for American civilization.

Reston's individuality intrudes itself abruptly. After a forty-five-min-

Lake Anne (left) is the first of seven villages that comprise the planned town of Reston. The village center is set off by the J-shaped row of buildings at right that forms a car-free piazza on the lake.

By MILTON VIORST

Reston's creator, a millionaire real-estate investor, Robert E. Simon, Jr., of New York, risked a considerable fortune on the assumption that Americans might prefer a well-knit community to the usual sprawl of detached suburban homes.

ute drive from Washington past the mass-produced dwellings of everyday suburbia and the undeveloped woodlands that once sheltered the Confederate cavalry but that today sullenly await the depredation of the bull dozer, the high-rise suddenly emerges through the trees, its balconies extruding like the flounces on a party dress. It sits at the edge of a lake, from which a fountain spurts water forty or fifty feet into the air. You take the car as far as you can, park it in a lot at the rear of some buildings, walk through a corridor of stores and offices, finally turn—and experience the sensation of discovering the kind of enchanting piazza that can be found in Venice or Rome. This is the village center, a place of comfortable dimensions where you would somehow expect to feel pleased to sit sipping coffee while watching pretty girls pass by or kids play on a sturdy piece of sculpture.

Lake Anne Village Center is the heart of the first of seven communities that will ultimately make up Reston, a projected town of some seventy-five thousand inhabitants. If it recalls a European piazza, this is because Simon planned it that way. It is not that he sought to ape the style of another time and place. The architecture of the village center is, after all, splendidly contemporary. Simon's goal is not to copy a successful city—which is manifestly impossible—but to make Reston the source of all the pleasant sensations that a successful city invites.

The challenge Simon has set for himself is not easy, particularly since Reston is expected to turn a reasonable profit. Men have been planning cities since the start of civilization without ever ascertaining for sure what makes some so much better than others. The moderns were certain they had surpassed the medievals by straightening the streets, widening the avenues, and letting in the sunlight by detaching the houses. But Simon chose not to accept automatically the dogmas of contemporary planning. He went through the usual consultations with planners of many schools, with psychologists and sociologists, with recreational and religious specialists and experts of every sort; but after weighing all the advice, he more often than not made his decisions on the basis of his own instincts. An eclectic, he was willing to steal a good idea from one town, pluck another from a textbook, accept a third from a consultant, and toss in an idea of his own for good measure. His city was not to be Paris any more than it was to be Pittsburgh or Park Forest, but he was determined to be alert to the lessons of all three. Simon chose the firm of Whittlesey and Conklin to draw up the master plan, but he supplied the conceptions himself.

Lake Anne Village, now some two years old, is Simon's test tube for the new city. Most of Reston's first two thousand inhabitants live in the village, and it is there that Simon has indulged his social theories and his recreational whims, his architectural preferences and his artistic tastes. Though he was warned he would never persuade apartment dwellers to move to Reston, he decided to build the high-rise—and he has had scarcely a vacancy since it was completed. Though he was told that middle-class Americans would not live in commercial neighborhoods, he built two floors of apartments above the shops in the village center—and they fill up faster than the garden apartments in the woods. Though he was told that art was a waste of money, he spent thousands on original sculpture—and both the kids who climb over it and the grownups who gaze at it take pleasure in its presence.

To design his buildings, Simon commissioned celebrated architects: Whittlesey and Conklin, Cloethiel Woodard Smith, Charles M. Goodman. He spent heavily on such "frills" as elegant design, careful landscaping, and handsome building materials. In justifying the expense he points out that he is creating a market not only for new houses but for a whole new town.

From the beginning, Simon has

maintained that Reston must not be at the mercy of the automobile. He was greatly influenced by the example of Radburn in northern New Jersey, an experimental "green-belt" community of the late 1920's that was engulfed by the suburban sprawl that followed the Depression. There, houses were laid out along an extensive network of footpaths, independent of the streets and highways—but they followed one another like so many pieces on a Monopoly board. By placing his buildings in their most favorable relationship to the contours of the land, Simon has achieved the variety that Radburn lacked. Lake Anne Village is designed so that its ten thousand or more residents can roam over hundreds of acres and walk to the homes of their friends, to their church and school, the tennis courts and swimming pool, the drug store and the bank—perhaps even to their office or plant—without crossing a street. But the ingenious use of bridges and underpasses allows vehicles to circulate freely on an entirely separate system of arteries.

To be sure, Simon was not certain at first that architectural monotony could be avoided. The economics of modern building seemed almost to compel it. There is hardly a suburb in America that is not dominated by a fixed and uniform relationship between house and yard, the result of which is—whatever the variation in price—a depressing aesthetic egalitarianism. Because he was building not a suburb but a city, Simon was convinced that he could largely dispense with the house-and-yard pattern that, with the picket fence, is such a prominent part of the American dream. He decided to go back to the row house—latterly called the town house—which fell from grace in America presumably because land was so cheap and appeared inexhaustible.

Having liberated themselves from bondage to the detached house, Simon's planners next banished the straight street, from which such houses are inevitably set back at regular intervals like soldiers on parade duty. Instead, they revived the European concept of the cluster: dwellings grouped together in such a way as to exploit the landscape for beauty and the surrounding open space for common recreation. Most of the clusters were of town houses; each cluster was different in architectural character from the next. Garden apartments and an occasional high-rise were mixed in. Simon did not completely abandon detached houses. According to the master plan, they will comprise some 15 per cent of the dwellings in Reston. But 70 per cent are to be town houses and garden apartments, and the remaining 15 per cent high-rise buildings.

Whether a residence is purchased or rented, Simon has attached rules, formalized in the deed or lease, in an attempt to maintain aesthetic standards. There are strict regulations, for example, against hanging laundry outdoors and constructing "unsightly fences." A home owner may build a badminton court or add a new wing, but only with the approval of an architectural review board. Of the board's eight members, six are Simon appointees; the other two are elected by the home owners. But the master plan is not a strait jacket. So far, the experience of Lake Anne indicates that people are pleased with Simon's concept of land use, which permits a lake here, a grove of poplars there, and that they particularly like their nearby ball fields, swimming pools, tennis courts, and children's playgrounds.

By themselves, of course, these recreational and aesthetic satisfactions do not make a town. Without jobs, Reston would be nothing but a handsomer-than-usual bedroom community. In conception, it was seen as a satellite to Washington, depending heavily on the metropolis for both work and play. Nonetheless, if Reston was to be in any significant degree self-sustaining, it had to provide jobs on its own.

Simon set aside one-seventh of his tract for industrial development, but

Reston's master plan envisions seven village centers of high-density housing, a town center, and industrial sites surrounded by less dense housing. Lake Anne (1) is complete. The unfinished centers are indicated by broken lines.

A lakeside restaurant in Washington Plaza

The Plaza, in a curve of shops and apartments

Canoes on Lake Anne, near the Plaza

the task of attracting industries was not easy. Employers do not move where there is no available work force; people in search of work do not move where there are no employers. Simon has made progress very slowly. One at a time, small industries have seen advantages to Reston and have built new plants there. For the most part, they have brought their employees with them, many of whom have become Reston residents. Other people already living in Reston have begun to leave their commuting jobs to take work nearby. About three-fourths of Reston's providers still commute, but the fraction is expected to get smaller. Simon's big break came when the U.S. Geological Survey, with its two thousand federal employees, decided to relocate in Reston. The decision represented not only jobs but government endorsement.

Reston's first two thousand inhabitants are unquestionably delighted with their new town. Predictably, they have complaints about the hot water, the air conditioning, the burned-out street light here and there, the way the streets are plowed—or not plowed—when it snows. But they talk freely of their delight with their life in Reston.

"I love to look out of my window and see people shopping in the village center," says the wife of a salesman who works in Washington. "I love walking by the side of the lake. We were bored in the suburbs. The atmosphere was cold. We've made more friends in a few months in Lake Anne than we did in years in our last house. I'm really sold on Reston."

A young father with his business in a nearby town says, "The best thing is that I can give my kid a buck and a half and send him to the village center by himself to get a haircut. My wife doesn't live in taxicabs any more. We walk everywhere, feel safe everywhere. It's like a small town, only it isn't dull."

The argument has been made that the people who have so far settled in Reston are a special type—a little more offbeat and a little more adventurous in outlook than the average. It is conceded that Reston is an astonishing mélange of ethnic and religious backgrounds—white and black, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—and that, despite overwhelming middle-class predominance, a great variety of occupations are represented. Still, according to this argument, these Reston pioneers are, within their groups, the people who are most indifferent to the conventional considerations of status and stability. Reston, they say, may already have skimmed the cream off the top, and such people will be harder to find as time passes. This theory also suggests that the next generation of Reston arrivals may be a little more humdrum, perhaps less fun. But whatever the validity of the argument it seems clear that Reston, at least at this stage, has generated a certain warm spirit, a kind of casual camaraderie, a real feeling of community.

One senses it in the bustle at the community center, which Simon built in the Lake Anne Village Center. Reston already has an amazing number of scout troops, dancing and choral associations, amateur dramatics companies, lecture series, pottery classes, and even a film society and a self-supporting commercial weekly newspaper. For a town of two thousand, Reston is remarkably alive and brimming with energy and enthusiasm.

Reston is a planned community, but it is planned with the very goal of offering a maximum of free choice to those who live in it. This is a difficult concept to grasp. Americans have traditionally resisted planning. Their concept of a planned community is boot camp or summer camp—unless one thinks of the retirement communities currently in vogue. Quite justifiably, many persons question whether and how Reston is different. A community that offers planned pleasure during every waking moment must surely be dulling to the intellect, repressive to the spirit, and destructive

to individuality. But instead of setting a schedule for life, aiming toward social regimentation, Simon has sought to establish a framework in which the individual has available to him the choices that, it is hoped, will make life joyful and fruitful.

To be sure, paternalism exists. When important decisions have to be made, Simon, as "chief executive," makes them. Legally, Reston is an unincorporated subdivision of Fairfax County, under the jurisdiction of the county board of supervisors. In reality, it is run by Reston, Va., Inc., Simon's personal corporation. Simon invented "cluster associations," to which the residents of the individual clusters belong, but their sovereignty is limited to common property—walkways and grounds—which they are contractually required to keep clean and in good repair. Simon points out that there is indirect democracy, inasmuch as Reston votes for the county supervisors. The supervisors, in consultation with Simon, build the schools, provide police and fire protection and make available other necessary services. But in approving Simon's master plan, the supervisors all but abdicated to him the prerogatives of government that will determine Reston's fate.

Simon has no intention of incorporating Reston or of giving its citizens the right to govern themselves. It is conceivable—though by no means likely—that the residents could someday wrest control from Simon's corporation through a device called the Home Owners Association. But for now, the Association serves as a semidemocratic façade behind which Simon exercises power. For all practical purposes, there is no democracy at Reston; the community is Simon's fief.

Since an estimated fifty to one hundred totally planned, economically self-sustaining new towns are in various stages of conception and execution, the implications of this arrangement are vast. In the next twenty years some seventy million people will move into areas outside the major cities; a substantial proportion will settle in these and other new towns. What the loss, by millions of Americans, of the powers of local government will mean to democracy is by no means clear.

Simon is aware of his awesome power. His personal record suggests that he will exercise it with discretion. He even maintains that there is a kind of marketplace democracy—rather indistinguishable from the law of supply and demand—that tempers his absolutism. Public pressure, he says, compels him to install new street lights, simply because he wants the kind of reputation that will attract people to Reston.

But what of the other new towns, many of which will be under the direction of big, impersonal corporations or plain, old-fashioned real-estate buccaneers? The company town, after all, has a peculiarly bad odor in American history. When it is recollected that the robber barons opened the West with their railroads, then exploited mercilessly the people they had cajoled into settling it, Simon's theory that the marketplace serves as a deterrent to abuse seems a little less reassuring. In a face to face confrontation, marketplace mechanisms have often proved stronger than democratic majorities, and in Reston there is not even local democracy.

But does democracy necessarily create good cities? The towns democratically organized as the American frontier pushed westward were, for the most part, ugly, unimaginative, and uncomfortable. In our own day, democracy in the cities has allowed private interests to pollute the water and the air, turn decent neighborhoods into slums, sweep away one handsome structure after another for replacement by insipid glass boxes. In the suburbs, democracy has brought about a tedious homogeneity, the excuse for which is the preservation of property values. If there are joyful cities in the world, democracy has rarely created them. A high-minded duke has usually

The freestanding, one-family house on Lake Anne, above, was put up by a private builder after plans were approved by Reston's architectural board. Detached houses such as these lie at one extreme of Reston's broad gamut of housing. At the other extreme is Heron House, the new town's only high-rise building. Other kinds of dwellings include garden apartments around the Plaza and a variety of town houses built in small clusters around communal open space or along the shore of the lake.

A placid walkway leads to a town-house row on Lake Anne. Pedestrians and automobile traffic are separated at Reston.

done more than a leveling demos. Reston's absence of politics may generate malaise about the future of American democracy. But it does not, by any means, suggest a gloomy future for Reston or for the development of new towns in general.

One of the frequent criticisms leveled at Simon is that he has so far failed to make low-cost housing available. There have been suggestions that Reston would become just another white bastion beyond the city limits, though from the beginning, Negroes have been welcome, and about a dozen well-to-do Negro families now live in Lake Anne Village. His reply has been that a sound economic base was necessary before mixing his housing market. Soon he hopes to accommodate members of lower economic groups, which presumably include Negroes as well as whites. He has already received a preliminary grant from the government for planning, which may lead to the construction of low-cost housing clusters near the center of Lake Anne Village between houses that cost three times as much. Simon rejects the concept of segregated low-cost housing—of giving Reston a "poor neighborhood."

Simon is by no means certain that the plan will work. However Reston residents may differ from conventional suburbanites, he has no real evidence that they will welcome in their midst neighbors of a fundamentally lower socioeconomic class. Perhaps he will show that suburban planners have been wrong in assuming that the rich would not live beside the poor, that property values are safest when insulated from the poor, that homogeneity alone means social and economic stability. Since he is challenging some of suburbia's most dearly held premises, it is no coincidence that on Capitol Hill the suburban-development lobbies have been working vigorously to block any assistance to Reston and other new towns.

Reston's experience with problems such as these will surely contain lessons for American society, but it would be a serious mistake to conclude that in its test tubes lies a general answer to social crisis. There was a time, a half-century or so ago, when the theoreticians of new towns believed that salvation lay in moving the pitiful city creature into the salubrious air of the countryside. As recently as the New Deal, Rexford G. Tugwell, a prominent federal administrator and philosopher of social reform, declared, "My idea is to go just outside centers of population, pick up cheap land, build a whole community and entice people into it. Then go back into the cities and tear down whole slums and make parks of them." Tugwell's words sound curiously unreal today, if only because we recognize that we cannot be so spendthrift with land, so naïve about slums, or so cavalier with our cities.

Reston, however successful it might be, has little or no bearing on the problem of overcoming urban decay. Society cannot swap New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles for Reston, even if Reston were multiplied a thousand times. The cities must still be rehabilitated, and Reston offers no ready answers on what to do about inadequate school systems, ghetto housing, choking traffic, out-of-date factories that pollute water and air with their wastes. Reston will not become a rehabilitation center for broken city dwellers or a relocation site for unwanted industry. It is understandable that the mayors of the big cities are indifferent to the fate of the new towns, which they regard as competitors for federal assistance.

What Reston is concerned with is how the United States must deal with its next one hundred million people. James W. Rouse, a builder and financier who has initiated work on the new town of Columbia, near Baltimore, described to Congress what is happening now:

"Our cities grow by sheer chance —by accident, by whim of the pri-

vate developer and public agencies. A farm is sold and begins raising houses instead of potatoes—then another farm; forests are cut; valleys are filled; streams are buried in storm sewers; kids overflow the schools—a new school is built. Churches come up out of the basements. Then more schools —and more churches. Traffic grows; roads are widened—front yards cut back. Service stations, Tastee Freeze, hamburger stands pockmark the old highway. Traffic is strangled; an expressway is hacked through the landscape; then a cloverleaf—a regional shopping center—office buildings, high-rise apartments—and so it goes. Thus the bits and pieces of a city are splattered across the landscape.

"By this irrational process, noncommunities are born—formless places without order, beauty or reason; with no visible respect for people or the land. Thousands of small, separate decisions, made with little or no relationship to one another, nor to their composite impact, produce a major decision about the future of our cities and our civilization—a decision we have come to label . . . 'sprawl.' "

Reston is the antithesis of urban accident. It is the dedicated foe of sprawl. It is an attempt to make human values a factor in the national growth.

There is no reason to believe that the Reston concept will replace sprawl as the pattern of future growth. The kind of planning that Reston demands —especially on a massive, national scale—is uncongenial to the American spirit and tradition. As a people, we tend to let private enterprise direct the course of events, and neither Simon himself nor Reston are representative of the real-estate world.

Even with the best intentions, it is difficult getting a new town started. Land acquisition, the very first step, is a major challenge. In finding near a major city a great tract in single ownership, one of the last in the East, Simon was extraordinarily lucky. He was doubly lucky that the tract lay in a single political jurisdiction. But our political system—with its parceling of responsibility among local, county, and state governments, to say nothing of school, sanitation, judicial, and other districts—portends a nightmare for new-town planning. The interests are arrayed against such planning, the people react instinctively in opposition to it. But if Reston is to be multiplied many times over, the national government must surely provide both initiative and money—as it has in the European countries.

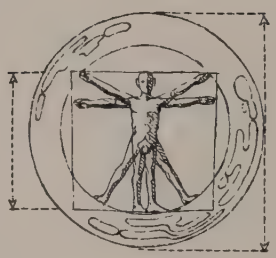
Simon, relying heavily on borrowed capital, has already invested about forty million dollars in Reston, a large proportion of it on such nonprofit items as roads, landscaping, planning, and parks. In five or six years the money may be rolling in, but at the moment he has yet to turn his first penny of profit. It is not easy to find money when there is no immediate prospect of return. Even though he may have to reorganize his company in return for more funds, Simon has no intention of compromising his conception of Reston. His troubles, however, prove that new towns cannot be built cheaply—and that angels are hard to find.

Premature as a definitive judgment on Reston may be, it now seems clear that Simon has pointed the way to a better future for an expanding society. He may need, however, twenty years to prove the long-term economic and social feasibility of his community. By that time, Reston may have become an interesting museum piece in a sea of sprawl, a Williamsburg of nostalgia and might-have-been. Thanks to Simon, the nation has a glimpse of an exciting potential for its expanding population. It need not resign itself to deterioration in the quality of life. But the decisions that the opportunity demands will not be easy to make.

Milton Viorst writes principally on political and diplomatic affairs. His most recent book is titled Hostile Allies: FDR and Charles de Gaulle.

Children frolic around a bubbling fountain in the Plaza, Reston's lakeside shopping center, promenade deck, and agora.

E. T. HALL AND THE HUMAN SPACE BUBBLE



Each man, says anthropologist Edward T. Hall, moves in his own bubble of space. The bubble varies in size from culture to culture, but one fact remains constant: the bubble cannot stand repeated denting. In our cities today, the bubbles not only overlap—they are ready to burst

By WILLIAM KLOMAN

"New York City may already be dead. We may not be able to bring it back. And if we lose New York it could be the death of the nation."

The speaker was an anthropologist named Edward T. Hall; his audience a select gathering of scientists, city planners, architects, and environmental experts at the Smithsonian Institution last spring. A man who has made a career of probing the communications blocks that exist between cultures, Hall has developed ideas about men's varying needs for space that could have important implications for the future of our urban centers. Recently appointed to a professorship in the study of intersocietal communications at Northwestern University, he is one of a growing number of scientists seeking ways of making our cities fit for human habitation.

Hall is not a man who indulges in sensationalism for its own sake. His comments on New York are based on an organic analogy. As he explains it: "Death occurs when the body stops replacing itself. Any living organism must have the power to regenerate itself automatically. When the city loses its middle class, it can no longer raise enough money to support itself. The city also has to be a safe place to live. When the various segments start destroying each other, you have a disorder analogous to cancer in the body."

The crisis is especially dangerous if, as the noted Greek city planner Constantine Doxiadis suspects, we are rapidly moving toward a time when existing cities will merge into "a continuous system which will cover our countries from one end to the other and over national boundaries to form a universal city." But if we do not soon learn to house and transport populations in a less stressful way and to dispose of waste products without fouling the environment, Hall contends, we may end up with a situation similar to that of a neglected aquarium, which, in a matter of hours, can turn into a stinking mass of lethal

sewage. What is imperative is a way of conveying the urgency of the situation to the people responsible for making decisions.

Now fifty-two, Hall has spent much of his life bridging the chasm that too often separates academic anthropologists from practical problems. His concern for the plight of our cities has come as a gradual, if altogether natural, outgrowth of his studies of cultural frictions. It is an involvement that began in the early days of the New Deal when the government sent him to manage a Navajo work camp in Arizona. His predecessor had been unable to interest the Indians in working on the irrigation dams that the government was paying them to build, even though he had carefully explained the benefits to be had from making their land arable. Hall gradually understood that the difference was one of an entire sense of life. Because Navajos had no concept of future time, all the talk about future benefits from irrigation had made no sense to them. What they *did* understand, however, was a bargain. Once Hall put the project in terms the Navajos could grasp—so many hours work for so much money—the work began.

After World War II, Hall was made responsible for training technicians and Foreign Service officers assigned to overseas posts with the Point Four program. He taught them, for instance, that Arabs consider it a friendly gesture to "bathe you in their breath" while they talk. Americans, answering *their* culturally learned response to avoid olfactory involvement, would often insult well-meaning Arabs by backing away.

To explore such problems, Hall has had to create a new scientific discipline, which, because it emphasizes culture-based variations in the handling of space, he calls "proxemics." In the 1930's the linguistic scholar Benjamin Lee Whorf suggested that language, in addition to being a medium for expressing thought, was also a primary instrument in the formation of thought. Thus people who speak different languages will think—and react—in different ways. Hall agrees, but adds that "the principles laid down by Whorf, in relation to language, apply to the rest of human behavior as well—in fact, to all culture." He rejects the assumption that "when two human beings are subject to the same 'experience,' virtually the same data are being fed to the two central nervous systems and that the two brains record similarly." He cites the example of Americans and Spaniards at a bullfight. "The American experiences the fear he would have if he were in the ring; the Spaniard, vicariously, the joy in the control the matador exercises over the bull." The difference is cultural. "People of different cultures," he maintains, "*inhabit different sensory worlds.*"

In *The Silent Language,* published in 1959, Hall lays the foundation for his contention that the most crucial differences among cultures occur outside normal awareness. The "silent language" of behavior—culturally learned—has a vocabulary, but we are only beginning to understand it. People of various cultures experience such fundamental things as time, space, and hierarchies in different ways. How long do you wait past the appointed hour for a prearranged interview? In a Latin country forty-five minutes might not be thought unusual, but an American businessman will begin to feel restive, insulted, and put-upon after twenty minutes.

Communication breakdowns occur even among people speaking the same language. For example, Hall was asked by the Job Corps in Chicago to find out why well-qualified Negro applicants often did so badly when they went for employment interviews. By filming a series of interviews and examining the results with the help of Negro observers, he concluded that a major difficulty arose because whites and Negroes have different ways of communicating the attitude of "paying attention." Middle-class whites customarily punctuate their exchanges with nods of the head and short verbal cues, such as "yes" and "uh-huh." White interviewers, receiving only a fixed stare from Negro interviewees, assumed that the Negroes were either stupid or not paying attention.

Hall is working on a system of coding responses to situations that he and his associates are collecting by means of interviews, films, and photographs. Making such information generally available, he feels, will decrease the chances of communications breakdowns among people of various cultural backgrounds. As the world grows smaller, as we are pushed into closer contact with one another, it is more important than ever that we understand clearly what we are saying to one another.

By the time he published *The Hidden Dimension* in 1966, Hall had become preoccupied with a specific area of cultural difference—that of the perception of space. It was inevitable that he should become involved with the city, where the problems of crowding and the allocation of space are most pressing. Many of his ideas revolve around the concept of territoriality, which the English ornithologist H. E. Howard first described in 1920. The mechanisms by which organisms lay claim to an area and defend it against members of their own species were further illuminated by Heini P. Hediger, the Zurich zoologist, whose studies of wild animals in the captive state appeared in the 1950's. Drawing on the work of such men, Hall began to apply territoriality to the human species, and in doing so, his central thesis emerged. "One of the most important functions of territoriality," Hall writes, "is proper spacing, which protects against overexploitation of that part of the environment on which a species depends for its living."

DRAWINGS BY CHAS. B. SLACKMAN

Besides food, water, and shelter, Hall says, we need a certain amount of space in which to conduct our daily lives. Each organism, he has written, "no matter how simple or complex, has around it a sacred bubble of space, a bit of mobile territoriality which only a few other organisms are allowed to penetrate and then only for short periods of time." The bubble varies in size, depending on such factors as the emotional state, immediate activity, position in a social hierarchy, and cultural background of the individual. What may be a comfortable living space for a Latin American, who requires a certain amount of physical contact with his fellows, may be unbearably crowded to an Englishman, who requires a somewhat larger bubble of space around him to feel at ease. Similarly, other unspoken needs—for variety, visual beauty, and quiet—differ from one culture to another.

We must begin to study these needs, recognizing that if we do not take them into consideration, life can become intolerable. Given the cosmopolitan nature of our cities, we must design dwellings, office buildings, and transportation systems in accordance with the diverse requirements of the people who must use them. The melting pot, Hall says, is an illusion. We are many cultures, and this is nowhere more evident than in our cities. The idea that a Negro or an Oriental lives in a different sensory world from a middle-class white comes hard to most Americans. Our decision makers—most of whom are themselves middle-class whites—have difficulty believing that there are basic differences in patterns of behavior and modes of experience that separate us.

What happens when the bubbles overlap? It is this question that has led Hall to concentrate increasingly on the urban predicament. Tensions caused by lapses of understanding between cultures are heightened by the stressful conditions of the city. But more important, "Changes in the bubble caused by outside influences"—the design of a public housing project, for instance—"may force on the occupant the feeling that he has been thrown into aggressive relationships with strangers or has been sealed off and removed from people. If man's bubble is crushed, or dented, or pushed out of shape, he suffers virtually as much damage as though his body were crushed or dented or pushed out of shape. The only difference is that the effects take longer to make themselves evident."

The most ominous aspect of urban crowding is pointed up by recent discoveries that suggest a physiological density-control factor in certain mammals. The yearly mass suicide of Scandinavian lemmings, the weird death dance of the March hare, and similar self-destructive behavior among a species of rat on some Pacific islands have recently been interpreted as direct results of stress caused by overcrowding. Man may not be immune to this control factor. Even if technology permits us to produce unlimited quantities of food—putting to rest the Malthusian apprehension that population eventually outstrips food supply—there remains the certainty that the supply of terrestrial space, which may be just as vital a factor in the maintenance of life, is a fixed quantity on this globe.

In *The Hidden Dimension* Hall recounts the experiments of an ethologist, John Christian, with Sika deer on James Island in the Chesapeake Bay. Several of the deer had been released on the otherwise unpopulated island in 1916. By 1955 the herd numbered about three hundred, or one deer per acre. Since Sika deer were presumed to require about this much space, Christian began to watch the development of the herd.

In the first three months of 1958 more than half the deer died. The following year the population dropped to about eighty. Examination of the dead animals, most of which were does and young deer, indicated that the cause of death was shock, following severe metabolic disturbance caused by prolonged hyperactivity of the adrenal glands. Since food was in good supply on the island, and since, except for the adrenal disturbance, the animals were in good health, Christian concluded that the massive mortality among the deer was caused simply by the stress of crowding beyond density levels that the deer were able to tolerate.

The stages prior to population collapse have been described by John Calhoun, an ethologist who experimented with domesticated Norway rats. Earlier experiments had indicated the spatial requirements of the rats in the wild state. Between 1958 and 1961 Calhoun permitted the density of a laboratory rat population to reach approximately twice that of the estimated normal healthy maximum. Since he was primarily interested in the long-term effects of stress on the social habits of his subjects, he removed excess infants to prevent total population collapse.

What developed is known as a "behavioral sink." The normal structure of rat society suffered a severe breakdown. Traditional family groupings were abandoned, and many males lost all sense of sexual discrimination, mounting aged and infant rats or other males. Sadism, in the form of tail-biting, became prevalent. Other rats, unable to compete with hyperactive satyr-rats, lost interest in sex altogether. Courtship and mating customs—a rather rigid routine among Norway rats—were abandoned in favor of promiscuous affairs. Females stopped taking care of their young

and let their nests become cluttered. Some animals went abroad only at night, while the others slept.

Certain aggressive aristocrats were able to protect their territories within the pen, and continued to observe the rules of rat society, but the mass of the population, under the stress of crowding, became unruly and neurotic. The constant turmoil of the sink resulted in a sharp increase in the death rate, especially among females and the young. Infant mortality rose to 75 per cent. Kidneys, livers, and adrenals of dead animals showed signs of adrenal hyperactivity usually associated with extreme stress. Such experiments indicate, Hall says, that "animals regulate their own density as a function of self-preservation."

What all this has to do with human population, crammed into subway cars or stacked up in high-density vertical slums, has not been scientifically demonstrated. Hall would like to see the results of systematic autopsies on humans who have spent their lives in the stressful conditions of the urban crush. Constant invasion of the "space bubbles," he suggests, probably leads to overactive adrenals and increases the likelihood of physiological breakdown due to adrenal shock.

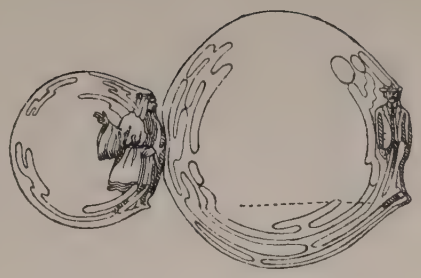
The behavior of the Norway rats raises fascinating speculations. Crimes of violence, sexual deviation, breakdown of family ties, lapse of habits of cleanliness, and many other symptoms of social disorganization in our cities might be traceable to the effects of crowding. We seem far from the mass-death condition of lemmings, but this, by implication, is a possibility if nothing is done to alleviate the stress of urban life, especially among the poor. Hall feels that the vital question raised by these studies is whether man can "learn enough about the relationship between space and human behavior and put his knowledge to work with sufficient speed to save himself from disaster."

Part of our difficulty in easing stress in the cities, Hall believes, is the natural ambivalence of Americans toward government planning. Europeans, who have lived with the problem of crowding longer than we have, and who have never had the opportunity to waste resources on the scale that Americans are willing to tolerate, tend to accept government control of the use of resources—including space—as natural. Hall cites the London County Council as an example of a planning body with experience, scope, and staff adequate to do the job we often relegate to impotent committees of inadequately trained appointees.

"People think when we're talking about planning we're just dealing with aesthetics," he says. "And most of our people think aesthetics deals with nonessentials. With frills. The fact is that even if our urban problems were only aesthetic problems, they would still be important. Nobody knows what a poem or a painting does, but we know poets and artists are important parts of society. If we were to eliminate all artistic beauty from the environment, we have no idea what the effect would be."

The development of the city can no longer be left to the interplay of chance, personal desire for profit, and political expediency. We live in a world increasingly dominated by our "extensions"—of which the automobile is a perfect example. But Hall warns that man has given little thought to the frightening possibility that, in molding the total world in which he lives—his "biotope"—he "is actually determining *what kind of an organism* he will be." For the moment, we are faced by a question of the quality of life. Eventually, it could be a question of life itself.

Hall feels that "If we had a mechanical model of a city—something that showed how all the different parts work together—we'd be on much firmer ground in dealing with urban problems." A working model of a city could, for instance, let us demonstrate the long-term effects of



air pollution in a way far more striking than that of all the outraged newspaper editorials ever written on the subject.

The city, he maintains, is a kind of gigantic teaching machine. The high concentration of information available in the city and the variety of persons attracted to it force the city dweller to learn a great deal about life. "The best way to learn about the city is to go out and look at it," Hall said when I visited him in Chicago recently. "Look at it carefully and ask the right questions." And so we went out to use Chicago as a teaching machine.

A few blocks from Hall's home—a comfortable town house with high ceilings and plenty of space, just west of the lakeside "Gold Coast"—we came upon Carl Sandburg Village. This massive complex of high-rise apartment buildings is a privately owned project underwritten by government funds. It was originally intended for former slum dwellers, but somehow Carl Sandburg Village turned into middle-class "luxury" housing. The project was now about to spread across North Clark Street, requiring the demolition of several old and solid businesses.

We visited one of the places, a hardware store whose owners, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ruhling, complained that they were being reimbursed for but a fraction of their store's worth. They hadn't wanted to sell, but the city had exercised its power of eminent domain. Hall explained that the worth of a concern such as the Ruhlings' store could not be measured in terms of money alone. An old family business does more than sell products. People like the Ruhlings can tell you

where to find a reliable baby-sitter, or how to contact a physician, or what to do if your car breaks down. In the confusing urban milieu a certain number of such "high context" centers must be maintained.

Driving west, past a no man's land of drab storefronts and tangled traffic, we came upon the first of the public, low-income housing projects we were to see. The bustling, self-conscious sophistication of Michigan Avenue, the sin-tinged cow town familiar to tipsy conventioneers, the lush green suburbs of the north—these are only the public aspects of Chicago. To the west and the south an endless chain of depressing, characterless high-rises, plunked down on grassless, treeless plots, sheltered the bulk of the city's population.

On West Division Street the Mother Cabrini–William Greene development houses nearly eighteen thousand people, most of them in buildings of ten to nineteen stories. Although the concentration of humanity in the project's seventy-eight buildings is extremely high—averaging more than two hundred people per each apartment house—their most striking feature is the almost total lack of activity around them. Small, fenced-in rectangles, designated in the inscrutable vocabulary of the housing authorities as "tot lots," stand deserted. It seems that mothers, separated from the playgrounds by sixteen floors and unreliable elevators, are reluctant to send their children out to play.

"The people who have to live in these places don't want trees around," Hall explained, "because they give muggers a place to hide." Public lavatories on the ground floors are ruled out for the same reason. Small children, when unattended, use the elevators as toilets.

The previous day a taxi-driver had pointed out the Cabrini project to me. "We build those people nice places like this out of tax money, and they don't take any pride in them." To that extent he was right. Cinder-block walls remain undecorated, concrete floors uncarpeted. When old tenants move out, the cells are washed down with a garden hose. "It wouldn't take much imagination to fix one of those places up real nice," the driver had said. "The only thing I can figure is that colored people and hillbillies are just different from us. They don't care about nice things."

The housing projects are unappreciated mainly because they are constructed with little attention to the needs of the people who have to live in them. The high-rise is a quick answer to a city's embarrassment. "The thing about a slum," Hall said, "is that you can see it. The reason for this particular solution is that it walls off what's behind it. Slums, poor people, dirt and filth—they're not attractive. People don't like to look at them. So you build one of these things and the problem becomes invisible."

The price for making the slum problem invisible is high. Like high-rise office buildings, increased mid-town parking facilities, and super-expressways, these buildings permit ever-increasing concentrations of human beings—with results that may be partially reflected in summertime riots and rising crime rates. These developments also destroy the existing community structure. "Our cities have been bombed by urban renewal in as devastating a way and just as effectively as though they had been bombed by an outside enemy," Hall told the Smithsonian symposium. This is allowed to happen, he concludes, because "the members of a dominant ethnic group and class look at the biotope of another group and fail to see its structure. . . . By carelessly destroying entire environments and shifting people around we wreck the fabric of their social relationships, separate them from friends and relatives and familiar surroundings and generally destroy everything that gives their life meaning."

For example, Italians and Puerto Ricans tend to center their social lives around the town square. In New York and Chicago they make do with the street. People can chat with friends sitting on the front steps. Children can play stickball and tag within close range of their mothers. By destroying the physical environment that makes social contact easy—by moving these people into high-rise buildings—the whole structure of their interpersonal relationships is altered. They feel trapped and alone.

Besides, Hall says, "We can't accurately measure the psychological effect on small children of growing up in an environment where nothing is permanent. Where there is no tradition. Where nothing has a past." The result could be a neurotic mistrust of their entire environment, contributing to such seemingly unrelated factors as a higher divorce rate or increased suicides.

Hall sees promise in current attempts at "instant re-hab." Rehabilitation of existing structures, which can be accomplished within a few days during which occupants live in hotels, seems a feasible alternative to replacing whole neighborhoods with high-rise prison architecture. When new housing *is* required, however, Hall believes that adequate density can be achieved without resorting to high-rises. He cites the Israeli architect Moshe Safdie's "Habitat 67" in Montreal* as an "imaginative, original, and still human" way of handling the problem.

Hall is mystified by the apparent refusal of architects to seek the advice of the people who inhabit their buildings. In seven years of close dealings with architects, he claims, he has "failed to find a single instance of a systematic recording of feedback from users which could later be incorporated in the program or design phase of a new building. All over the United States, rooms have been getting steadily smaller, walls more transparent to sound, views cut off. And what do we know about the consequences?

*See the Winter, 1967, issue of HORIZON.

What hard data is there?" Often, Hall says, prizes are awarded for buildings on the basis of two-dimensional representations of structures that have yet to be built and that cannot possibly be judged on the most relevant criterion—human habitability.

On the South Side we came upon neighborhoods that, so far, had been left intact. Rows of brownstone houses, well cared for, stood behind small, neat yards. Here, although the residents are not much better off economically than the inmates of the public high-rise complexes, a strong sense of community exists. Social pressure in the form of block clubs prevents the piling up of refuse and the destruction of property so prevalent in other low-income sections of the city.

Often, Hall said, one family interested in the appearance of the neighborhood can make a difference. As an example, he pointed out a neighborhood near the new Chicago Circle campus of the University of Illinois. There, a member of the architecture faculty had bought and restored an old brick house. Within weeks, neighbors began to repaint their own houses and to clean up their littered yards. The faculty member painted decorations on his ash cans. The novelty of the idea appealed to his neighbors, who organized an ash-can painting contest of their own and, in the bargain, cleaned up a formerly unsightly alleyway behind their houses.

Painted ash cans in a Chicago back alley may not seem like much of an answer to the complex disease threatening our urban centers, but they are a sign of hope.

The day after our tour of Chicago, Hall met with his students in a course titled "Culture as Communication" at the Illinois Institute of Technology, where he taught until his recent move to Northwestern. The class was made up of about two dozen undergraduates, majoring, for the most part, in design, linguistics, and architecture. "We have badly neglected the training of architects," Hall had told me. "We've got to teach them to think in terms of the total environment and to make them responsive to human requirements." Social sciences, especially ethology, and the humanities, must be incorporated in architectural curricula.

Hall's concern in his classes is to train his students to ask the kind of questions he has learned to ask about his environment. Among the projects being discussed were the redesigning of a local restaurant in accordance with its patrons' habitual seating patterns and the rerouting of campus walkways to conform to paths actually followed by the students. For the latter project, diagrams were made the day after a recent snowfall, illustrating pathway patterns left by footprints in the snow. The results were aesthetically more satisfying than the existing grid pattern of walkways, and, as it proved, considerably more sensible.

"A boy in the course last semester noticed that the exit signs out on the Dan Ryan Expressway were placed above the drivers' line of vision, and they came too late," a girl informed me. "He went to work on the problem and submitted his recommendations to the highway department, and they're going to change the signs." My informant was working on traffic-flow problems in her doctor's office and produced diagrams to prove that the existing seating arrangement in the waiting room made some of the patients uneasy.

A young man with a camera walked among the little groups of students, photographing the class in action. "At the beginning of the semester the desks were lined up like soldiers," Hall said. "That boy's project is to study the evolving seating patterns of the class. Maybe we'll learn what kind of desk arrangement works best for an active class like this one, where the teacher is present mainly in an advisory capacity and the students do most of the teaching themselves."

Upstairs in the antiquated brick building that housed Hall's classes and his proxemics laboratory one of his research assistants, a young Negro design student named Marshall Williams, was working on apartment floor plans. "What the ladies in the public housing complain about most," Williams told me, "is that there usually isn't any division between the living room and the dining area. They really hate it when there isn't a separate place for eating." Occasionally, too, he heard complaints that there was too much closet space for the residents' meager possessions.

Hall explained that he and Williams were trying to get the families who live in public housing to make their own suggestions on layout, partly to give them a sense of involvement and partly on the theory that they are the ones who should make such decisions in the first place. "This sort of data is hard to come by," he said. "Poor people have a hard time envisioning the possibility of change." They tend to accept the designs handed down by the city's contractors as immutable.

Hall and his research assistants are gradually teaching their subjects in the housing projects that the environment *can* be changed. Human beings are not like eggs, they argue, to be crated in the most efficient way possible. Human sensory and spatial requirements must be taken into account. Conscious human decisions—ill-advised sometimes—are responsible for the shape of our cities. But conscious human decisions can change that shape, and must if we are to survive. What is required first, Edward Hall believes, is a revolution in our way of thinking about ourselves.

William Kloman is a free-lance writer and former college instructor in history, philosophy, and political science.

ANATOMY OF A MASTERPIECE:

The Burial of Count Orgaz

It was begun under the meanest of circumstances—a painting of a dubious miracle, done to remind a reluctant parish of its feudal duty. Yet it became, in the hands of El Greco, a great mystical vision

Anyone who doubts the transfiguring power of art should reflect on the genesis of *The Burial of Count Orgaz*. The central incident in El Greco's painting (opposite) is a rather vulgar and morally pointless miracle. Most of the circumstances preceding and surrounding the execution of the work smell of money—literally to high heaven. Yet the result is a genuinely mystical masterpiece and, for us at least, a vivid image of several crises.

Here, refracted by the neurotic sensibility of a Cretan immigrant, is that discouraging moment in the history of European thought when one part of the Renaissance lost its rationalist nerve and turned back toward the Middle Ages. In terms of art history, here is one of the high points of the sixteenth-century mannerist style, with its warping of a classical language into unclassical statements. At the level of national history, here are Spain's nobly unteachable hidalgos, assembled for a class portrait two years before the Armada revealed their obsolescence.

The story behind the painting is easily summarized. Don Gonzalo Ruiz of Toledo, whose fiefs included the nearby village of Orgaz, was not actually a count. He was, however, a pious man of some importance in Castile at the beginning of the fourteenth century. He devoted part of his wealth to restoring Toledo's church of Santo Tomé and made legal arrangements for the people of Orgaz to continue aiding that parish after his death. His reward was a fine funeral in Santo Tomé, at the close of which a venerable Saint Augustine and a boyish Saint Stephen are said to have miraculously appeared to lower him into his tomb.

But the centuries dulled memories, and the people of Orgaz became so insensible to the honor done them that they eventually had to be forced by protracted litigation to keep up their payments to the parish. The ecclesiastical authorities decided, in 1586, to remind everybody of the miracle by having it depicted, fifteen feet nine inches high, in a chapel in Santo Tomé. El Greco, who had been working in Toledo for almost ten years, seems to have got the assignment as a matter of course and to have completed it before Christmas, the deadline in his contract. He accepted a fee of twelve hundred ducats, after holding out for sixteen hundred and demanding a ruling by the pope.

The lower section of the painting, in which Toledans could enjoy spotting portraits of their contemporaries, was an immediate popular success; but the upper section, in which an angel carries the infant soul of Count Orgaz into an unconventional heaven, failed to please the academic critics. During succeeding generations the whole work, along with El Greco's other achievements, gradually sank into a neglect from which it did not emerge until the twentieth century. In the 1890's, according to the French writer Maurice Barrès, the canvas was "hanging like a rag" in its dusty niche in Santo Tomé. Those Toledans who knew of its existence were inclined to dismiss the painter as a madman.

What was this alleged madman really like in 1586? We are obliged to guess on the basis of facts and anecdotes from several periods of his adult life, but the procedure may not be altogether unsound. He was forty-five, and

By ROY McMULLEN

MONDADORI PRESS

ORONOZ, MADRID

The Moorish-style tower above is all that remains of the fourteenth-century church of Santo Tomé, enriched by Count Orgaz, Don Gonzalo Ruiz. But El Greco's canvas still hangs in the tower chapel (left) where he placed it in 1586. The town of Orgaz (below) has changed little since that time: a village twenty miles southeast of Toledo, it is dominated by a castle (near the top of this aerial view) once owned by the family of the count. The townspeople could not have relished El Greco's homage to Don Gonzalo; to them it symbolized an annual obligation to Santo Tomé of two sheep, sixteen hens, two goatskins of wine, two cords of wood, and eight hundred copper coins.

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hence probably still something of what he had been and already something of what he would become. Moreover, the facts and anecdotes are remarkably consistent with the evidence in this particular picture.

He had a son, Jorge Manuel, who is generally supposed to be the boy in the foreground of *The Burial of Count Orgaz*. Toledan documents imply that the mother, Doña Jerónima de las Cuevas, was a Spanish woman of rank, and also that El Greco never married her. In any event his eye for women cannot be called lively. All of the mourners for Count Orgaz are men. Besides the Virgin, the only women among the heavenly host are a small Mary Magdalene and a companion, dimly visible on the far right just above the processional crucifix. This masculine emphasis is apparent in El Greco's work as a whole, although rarely to this degree. The female nude, for example, did not interest him, in spite of his years of apprenticeship in the Venice of Titian and Tintoretto.

We must remember, of course, that he had spent his youth in Crete and was in the midst of spending the last thirty-eight years of his life in Spain. In both places the Arab belief that women should be kept out of sight had marked even educated Christian society. Also, as a religious painter, he appears to have felt strongly about decorum, a matter much discussed after the Council of Trent in the 1560's had formulated rules for Catholic artists. El Greco had been in Rome during the controversy over covering the nude figures in Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*, and he is said to have remarked that if the great fresco were destroyed completely he would undertake to redo it "with honesty and decency." However, his idea of decorum stopped curiously short of excluding the male nude. In *The Burial* he found places for the naked executioners of Stephen on the saint's robe (see detail, pages 60–61), for a naked Saint Sebastian to the right of the Magdalene, and for a nearly naked John the Baptist opposite the Virgin Mary.

El Greco's religious austerity had other limits. The thousands of expert craftsmen who were then supplying the Toledo luxury trade must have greatly admired the armor encasing the body of Count Orgaz, as well as the brocaded vestments of the two saints and the transparent white surplice of the tall priest. In his preoccupation with such details the otherworldly El Greco seems almost as worldly as Veronese, and there is external evidence that "seems" is too weak a word.

In 1585, probably anticipating the contract for the painting, he had rented a twenty-four-room apartment in a Gothic palace (since demolished) not far from Santo Tomé. Here, when he had the money, he imitated the way of life he had observed twenty years earlier in the palaces on the Grand Canal in Venice; his Toledan neighbors appear to have been astonished by his extravagant habit of hiring musicians to play for him during dinner.

That he did not always have the money to pay for these luxuries is plain from his quarrels and lawsuits over fees, and from the fact that he died in debt, with most of his twenty-four rooms bare of furniture.

With the lordly style of living went some lordly arrogance and pride. We are told that he "implied nothing in the world was better than his works" and that he considered Michelangelo "a good man, but one who did not know how to paint." In spite of his constant need for money, he made no effort to win royal favor after 1584, when his *Martyrdom of Saint Maurice* failed to please Philip II (the king reportedly objected to the nakedness of the soldiers, among other things.)

In sum, the El Greco of 1586 was a puzzling mixture of Christian, Moslem, and ancient Greek in his attitude toward sex; and he was an unabashed materialist, a spendthrift, and an egotist. How, then, did he manage to produce the mystical *Burial of Count Orgaz?* We may as well ask how Donne managed to compose religious poetry. El Greco was one of several European intellectuals of his day who achieved an artistic equivalent of religious ecstasy by means of thought that was intense enough to become feeling. Although none of the anecdotes about him even hint that he was devout, several suggest that his mind was brilliant, quirky, and exotic. He is called "a great philosopher" and "a subtle speaker" who was "odd in everything" and full of "paradoxes" and "witty sayings." He wrote a treatise on architecture, now lost. He read Italian, Spanish, and Latin, as well as Greek; his library included the Bible, Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, Lucian, Aesop, and the church fathers. In Toledo he moved among jurists, scholars, and writers.

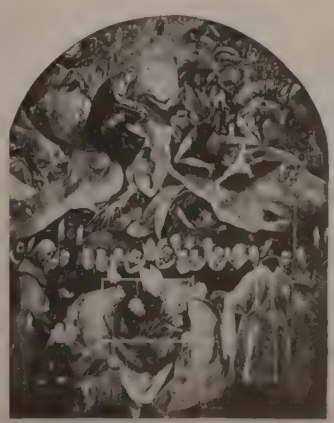
The art in which his thought-feeling was expressed had many sources, most of which can be detected in *The Burial.* One could make a game of matching the heads in this canvas with those by Italian masters, beginning with Titian and Tintoretto. Many of the elongated figures look Gothic as well as Byzantine, and the composition itself has both Italian and Byzantine precedents. The triangle formed by Christ, the Virgin, and John the Baptist is a traditional Byzantine concept.

But the dislocating effect of mannerism is much stronger than any other stylistic influences. The picture space is shallow, overcrowded, and more mental than visual; strictly speaking, the funeral is nowhere, and the boy—a typical mannerist scene presenter—is vaguely between this nowhere and us. Nearly everything is tinged with ambiguity and irrationality. Some of the mourners look absent, and those who seem to realize what is happening are surprisingly calm. Does the Franciscan on the left have to have the miracle explained to him by the black Augustinian? Is little Jorge Manuel pointing at the action, or at the symbol on Saint Stephen's sleeve? Why is heaven largely a tense, disquieting place? John the Baptist is somehow obliged to intercede for a soul two saints have honored, and the straining, quite unblissful audience does not seem sure of the judgment. Disagreeable little angels swim in the stiff clouds. Many of the colors are acid, and the highlights slashed on the dark backgrounds suggest a coming storm. Rules of perspective, proportion, and composition are largely ignored.

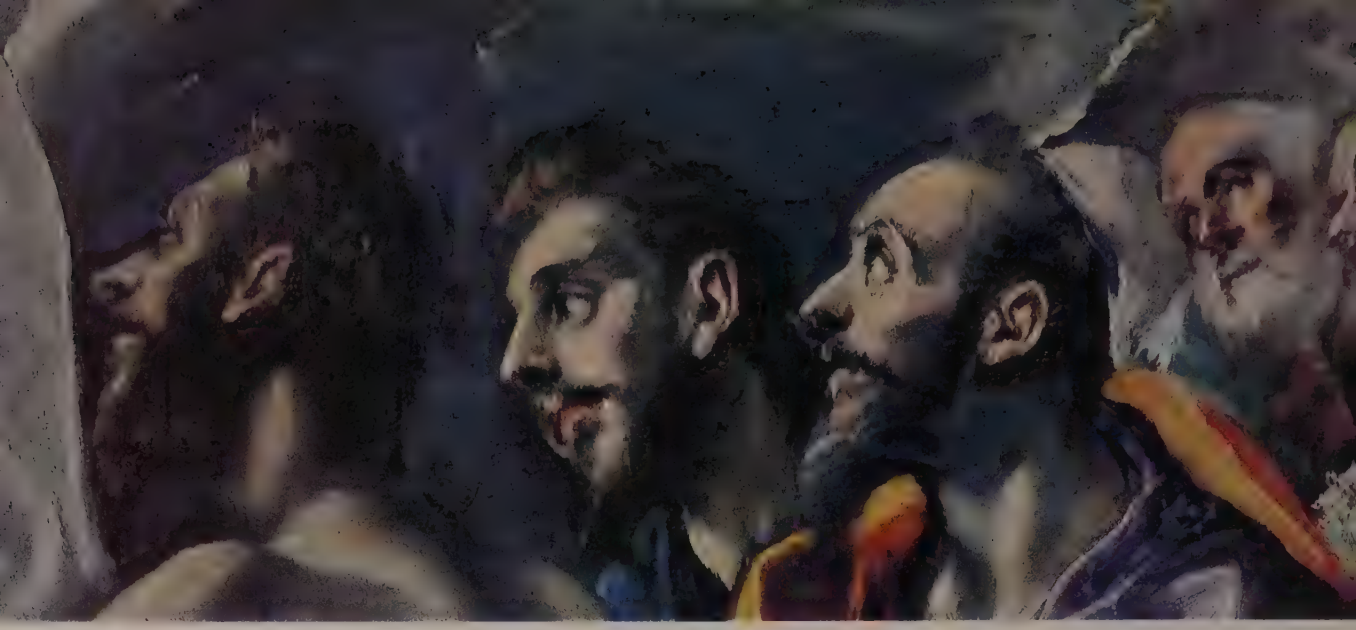
Behind the loss of confidence in the ideals of the Renaissance implicit in mannerism, historians have found such unsettling things as the Reformation, the sack of Rome in 1527 by the mercenaries of Charles V of Spain, the Counter Reformation, and the political and economic weakness of Mediterranean Europe. In painting, the very perfection of High Renaissance classicism constituted a crisis. El Greco knew this whole cultural climate well from his years in central Italy, and in his new homeland he could have found many reasons for not having faith in the future of logic and humanism. Even with the riches of the empire, the Spanish royal treasury had gone bankrupt in 1576 and would soon do so again. Spain's wars seemed endless. Toledo, although still prosperous, was undergoing changes that would bring economic ruin.

How directly El Greco felt this background for his masterpiece is arguable. Certainly the twenty-four-room apartment and the music for dinner do not suggest that he was in complete despair over the way the Mediterranean world was going. But there can be little doubt about the response of his ingenious brain to the doctrines developed by the mannerists as they looked for ways out of the crisis. One such doctrine maintained that an artist should turn his eyes inward and paint not nature but an idea or design that he could discover in his own mind and that would presumably be derived from ideas and designs in the mind of God. For Neo-Platonists such an idea was also an "inner light"; that El Greco was interested in Neo-Platonism is evident from the books he owned. It seems safe to conclude that his *Burial of Count Orgaz,* particularly the upper section, represents an unquiet design he discovered in his mind with the help of his Neo-Platonic light.

Roy McMullen, who lives in Paris, is a writer on art. He is currently at work on a book about Marc Chagall.

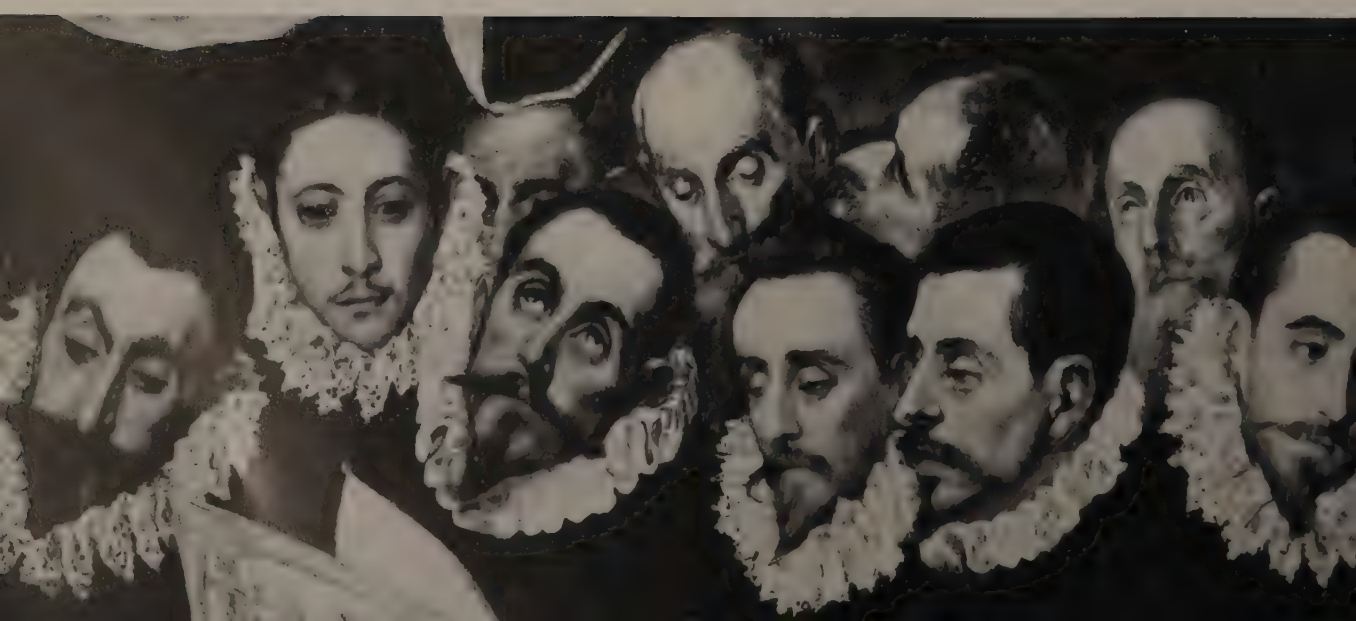


OVERLEAF: *At the burial of Count Orgaz, in 1323, Saint Augustine and Saint Stephen supposedly descended from heaven to place him in his tomb. Augustine (right) gazes at Don Gonzalo's face as Stephen lowers the corpse. The almost disembodied hand (center) belongs to a mourner.*



The Elect of Heaven and Earth

El Greco depicted recognizable personages in both heaven and Santo Tomé. Among the people witnessing the ascension of the soul of Don Gonzalo into heaven in the detail above, is the patron of the church, Saint Thomas, the apostle. He is seen (right foreground) holding a carpenter's square, because medieval tradition had made him an architect. The figure in the center with a ruff collar and a heavy Habsburg jaw may be King Philip II, though it seems unlikely that El Greco would have placed a living mortal among the heavenly host. Rather it may be Philip's father, the emperor Charles V, who died in 1558. At the far left is John the Baptist; third from left is Saint Paul, traditionally bald. Some art historians have suggested that El Greco modeled



the faces of the saints after inmates in the local insane asylum, for apparently he saw a similarity between the ecstasies of madness and those of religion.

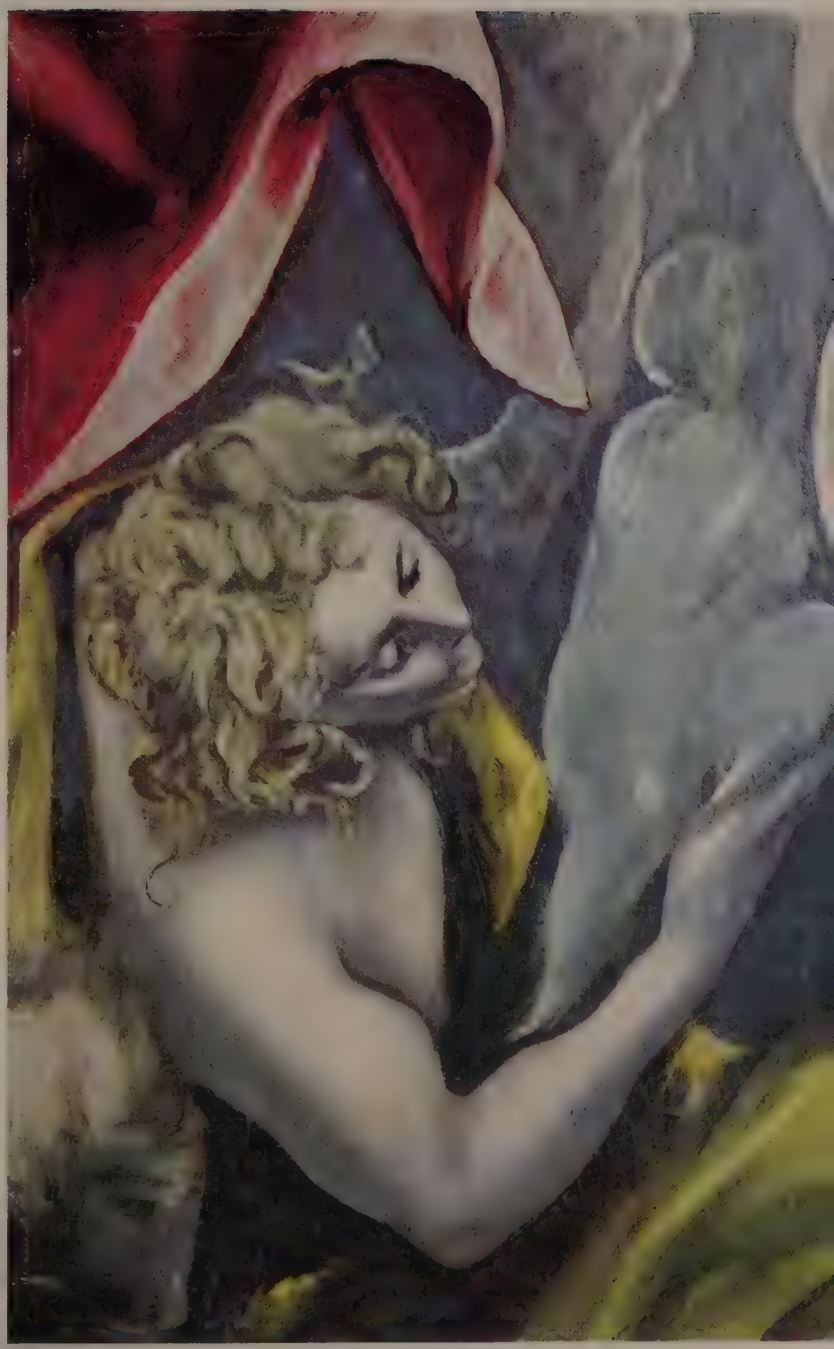
All of the figures in the frieze below were probably Toledo acquaintances of the artist, a mixture of the local Catholic hierarchy, wealthy hidalgos, and intellectuals. Sixth from the right, for instance, is the gray-bearded Hellenist and canon Antonio de Covarrubias. The bald cleric, second from the right, may be the parish priest who won the lawsuit against the townspeople of Orgaz after they had balked at paying the feudal tax to Santo Tomé. Some of the men wear on their tunics the red lily-hilted emblem (only partly visible in this detail) of the wealthy Order of Knights of Saint James of Compostela.

Midwives of the Soul

The strangely disinterested mourner on the opposite page, whose face is directly above that of the young Saint Stephen, is traditionally supposed to be El Greco himself. The man seems to be about forty-five, the age of the artist when the painting was completed. Unlike the other notables of Toledo, he is looking at the viewer of the picture. Is he not, in fact, looking into a mirror?

This presumed self-portrait has long fascinated certain oculists, who have found in the eyes and even in the shape of the skull physical signs of astigmatism, which they offer as an explanation of the distortions in the painter's work. Without dismissing this explanation entirely, critics can point out that the distortions are often mixed with evidence of perfectly normal eyesight and can be explained quite easily in terms of art history. As always with a genius, the real enigma is the source of the imaginative power that fuses stylistic influences.

The angel in the detail at right might have been painted by an Italian mannerist with a sufficient knowledge of the tricks of foreshortening. The departing soul is represented as an infant in Byzantine pictures of the death of the Virgin Mary. But in El Greco's mystical mind, perhaps unconsciously, the angel becomes a celestial midwife and the soul of the Count of Orgaz a ghostly embryo about to be born in reverse through vulviform clouds.



The Eloquence of Hands

Two of the books in El Greco's library were written by a contemporary Neo-Platonist and mystic, Francesco Patrizzi, who taught that light is the expression and synthesis of the divine. Another author the painter must have known was the mannerist aesthetician Giovanni Paolo Lomazzo, who in 1584 wrote (the translation is Elizabethan): ". . . the greatest grace and life, that a picture can have, is, that it expresse Motion: *which the Painters call the* spirite *of a picture: Nowe there is no forme so fitte to express this* motion, *as that of the flame of fire." The influence of such doctrines is apparent in many details of* The Burial. *Most of the light in the picture floods downward from the figure of Christ. This divine effulgence blends with the flames of six huge mortuary candles around the burial party.*

The "motion" or "spirit" of the painting is expressed with particular eloquence by hands, many of which have flamelike forms. While the great Byzantine hand of Saint Peter waits with the keys (left), the pleading hand of John the Baptist and the pitying hand of the Madonna (opposite above) intercede for the arriving soul. In the church, hands (see detail opposite below) often seem disembodied as they flicker and converse around the miracle.

An Enigma—and a New Vision

Two pieces of "embroidery" in The Burial *—on a little boy's handkerchief (upper left corner of this detail) and on Saint Stephen's robe—have agitated scholars and critics. El Greco, using his real name and a Greek version of the standard Renaissance formula for signing paintings, wrote on the handkerchief: "Domenikos Theotokopoulos I made it 1578." Since the artist's son, Jorge Manuel, was born in 1578 and the picture was painted eight years later, the identity of the boy seems established. But can the inscription be read "I made this boy"? It is hard to believe that El Greco, who was apparently rather prudish, would have slipped such a joke into a religious painting, but hard to find any other explanation for the date. Almost as puzzling, although for quite different reasons, is the small picture on Stephen's dalmatic (at right in the detail). The subject—the saint's martyrdom—is normal enough. But the style breaks sharply with the sober realism of the rest of the lower part of* The Burial. *Here is El Greco the violent visionary, anticipating the rippling, boneless nudes and stormy Toledo skies that would mark the close of his career.*

THE LOST CITY OF PAJATEN

It was built on a mountaintop, in the midst of the clouds—but no one knows when, or by whom, or why

High up in the Andes of eastern Peru, at the edge of the Amazon basin, stands the three-foot-tall stone pillar opposite. It has caught the rays of the morning sun for uncounted centuries. It may well be a sundial, but no one knows. It is one of many stones uncovered recently by archaeologists at the site of a magnificent ancient city built at an altitude of 9,400 feet in a country more hospitable to jaguars than to men. Who put it there—and why—remains a mystery.

To fit this city, called Pajatén, into our meager knowledge of ancient American civilizations is not easy. We know that the Indians came into North America, across what is now the Bering Strait, some twenty thousand years ago; and by 9000 B.C. they had made their way throughout both continents. Their greatest civilizations arose in what we would consider relatively unreceptive places: in the valley of Mexico, the jungles of Central America, and in the Andes. From what we know of these cultures, it would be logical to assume that Pajatén was in some way connected with the Incas. The only problem is that Pajatén is unlike any Inca city known to achaeologists.

The city was discovered in 1965 by Gene Savoy, an American explorer. Subsequent expeditions have cleared some fifteen buildings at the site. Their basic structure is circular, and they fit into the mountainside like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. They are interconnected by an ingenious system of staircases and terraces, which were once paved with tile and underlaid with a drainage system. A number of striking stone reliefs have been found, and a quantity of pottery—including some fragments of ceremonial vessels, which suggest that Pajatén may have been a religious center, a kind of sacred city for the priests of whatever god was worshiped there. Pajatén undoubtedly existed during Inca times (from A.D. 1300 to the Spanish Conquest in 1533), though no one can say exactly when it was built. Historical records of the pre-Conquest period are scant, but a few Spaniards did try to record the oral traditions of the conquered Incas. One of these chroniclers was Garcilasco de la Vega, who through his mother was a descendant of Inca royalty. He relates that a tribe called the Chachapoya, "as famous for the beauty of its daughters as for the courage of its sons," lived in this part of Peru—forty thousand of them. According to Garcilasco, the great Inca conqueror Tupac Yupanqui added seven of their cities to his empire in the late fifteenth century. It is possible that Pajatén was one of them.

Whoever built Pajatén accomplished an astonishing feat. As archaeologists continue to unearth such achievements of the ancient Americans, their discoveries call to mind the amazement of Albrecht Dürer when he first saw Aztec art: "In all the days of my life I have seen nothing which so filled my heart with joy . . . I marveled over the subtle genius of those men. . . . Yes, I cannot tell enough of the things which I saw there before me."

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY GEORGE LOVE

The Archaeologists' Outpost

Gene Savoy, the discoverer of Pajatén, is an explorer, not a professional archaeologist. He first heard tales of mysterious ruins in the Andes from Peruvian hunters and outlaws. Savoy had already suspected that the eastern slopes of the Andes had once been inhabited by pre-Columbian civilizations—and, in 1962, he made a flight over the region and spotted the ancient city. It was not until 1965, however—after farmers seeking new land opened a trail into the area—that he was able to get to the site. He made his initial trip through the forbidding jungle mountains on foot. When he reached Pajatén, its walls were barely visible through the thickets, but he realized that he had come upon something important.

Savoy persuaded the Peruvian government to sponsor a full-scale expedition, which was joined by scholars and crews of workmen. They arrived in June, 1966, a company of thirty-seven ferried to the mountaintop by helicopter, and established the rude headquarters seen in the photograph at right.

Clearing the site has proved to be a long job. The thick underbrush had to be burned off and then a mattresslike layer of debris and root networks rolled back inch by inch, gradually freeing such structures as the staircase opposite, which led to a passageway between two buildings. The team of workmen at bottom right are dislodging a tree stump from a ledge, beneath which is a wall studded with stone heads. The heads are surrounded with feathery headdresses of stone that are not surface inlays but comprise part of the wall itself. The builder evidently fitted them in as he worked, filling in around them with smaller pieces—an intricate mode of construction quite unlike Inca masonry.

Savoy is now engaged in exploring the surrounding country and has reported the existence of six more cities similar to Pajatén. He believes that these will eventually prove his hypothesis that Pajatén was part of a jungle empire the existence of which the Spanish conquerors never dreamed of—nor, indeed, did modern archaeology until now.

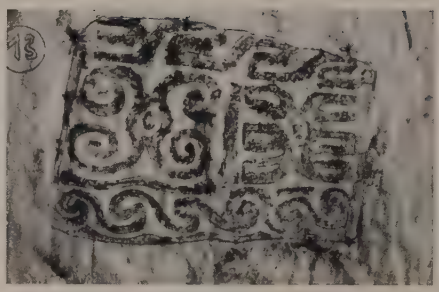
The main camp, with Peruvian Air Force helicopter in background

A decorated wall comes to light

A stairway after clearing

Remnants of a Forgotten People

Inca tumi



A rubbing of a wall panel

Heads feathered in stone

A pottery llama head

A life-sized head

Stone wall-panels

Gene Savoy photographing a wall

Few artifacts have turned up at Pajatén, and those that have are not notably informative about the daily lives of their creators. One of the most interesting finds is the Inca *tumi* at far left, a copper knife that was apparently used as a surgeon's tool. How it got to Pajatén is uncertain—perhaps there was trade with the Incas, or perhaps Inca conquerors brought it in. The jumbled stones were once wall panels. They are covered with designs that suggest hieroglyphs—though no one has any idea what they mean. A rubbing from a similar panel shows the pattern clearly. The close-up of a curving ledge reveals a series of befeathered stone heads, perhaps of ritual significance. The clay llama head, a bare two inches in height, indicates that the people of Pajatén were acquainted with this useful Andean beast. The solemn face is one of several that suggest a portraitist at work. The full figure opposite bears the typical stony headdress.

By Inca standards the Chachapoyas were barbarians, but Pajatén—whether a creation of the Chachapoyas or of others—rivals anything the Incas built. And now that other cities are coming to light in these Peruvian mountains, it appears that we will soon need to rewrite the history of the Americas to accommodate another splendid "lost" civilization.

S.T.

A figure in stone

England's Second Family

Behind nearly every government in England—and sometimes in front of it—has been a lord of Exeter, Burghley, or Salisbury, all of them descended from plain David Cecil, yeoman. Does breeding really count, after all?

"In human beings as in horses, there is something to be said for the hereditary principle." This sententious observation was directed by the first Earl of Birkenhead at a family that has bred three prime ministers and is related to most of those English peers who can trace their pedigrees back to the sixteenth century. Slowly, deliberately, and at times unscrupulously the Cecils inched their way to power, title, and estate. After thirteen generations a direct male descendant of plain David Cecil, yoeman, bore the exquisite title of Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil, ninth Earl and third Marquis of Salisbury.

The history of the Cecils is the kind of success story that should warm the cockles of the heart in every bureaucrat who believes that "men of blood shall not live out half their days" and dreams that quiet attention to detail will be rewarded. The first great Cecil—William, Lord Burghley—was stage manager to Elizabeth's Regina, and it was said that "of all men of genius he was the most a drudge; of all men of business the most a genius." His son, Robert, first Earl of Salisbury, was the indispensable instrument by which James Stuart of Scotland became king of England, and it was early noted that young Sir Robert always had "his hands full of papers and his head full of matter." In the nineteenth century the Cecilian bloom continued to be "petalled with patience," and when the third marquis, three times prime minister of England, died in 1903, it was said that he had succeeded in being great "without much pomp or parade."

William Cecil, 1st Baron Burghley, brought grandeur to the Cecil family as Queen Elizabeth's tireless chief minister. Robed as a Knight of the Garter, he bears the staff of Lord High Treasurer in the contemporary portrait opposite.

Even after the Cecil family had acquired wealth and station, they escaped the usual fate of pampered and overbred aristocrats; they neither completely squandered their estates nor wholly lost their virility. Today the fifteenth Earl and sixth Marquis of Exeter and the eleventh Earl and fifth Marquis of Salisbury are the direct male descendants of the two sons of Lord Burghley—a unique instance of survival in an aristocracy only 3.5 per cent of whose members can claim a title before 1600. As a lesson in political, economic, and biological endurance the Cecils are an extraordinary case study. For almost half a millennium they have possessed *par excellence* those qualities necessary to dynastic success: a tenacious grasp on land, an abundance of fat and healthy babies, and an unparalleled capacity for ferreting out the winning side in politics.

In the sixteenth century they held fast to the monarchy and were rewarded with titles and riches; in the seventeenth century both branches of the family—Exeter and Salisbury—fought against the crown during the Civil War but succeeded in greeting the return of the Stuarts without loss of land or station; in the eighteenth century the family faced bankruptcy, but James, second Marquis of Salisbury, saved the Cecil estates by marrying Frances Gascoyne, heiress to a brewing fortune, and obligingly changed his name to Gascoyne-Cecil; and finally in the nineteenth century, when most men of property were decrying the iron horse, the second Marquis persuaded the directors of the Great Northern Railroad to run their tracks past Hatfield House, thereby permitting him to travel the seventeen and a half miles to London in thirty-two minutes. In the case of the Cecils

By LACEY BALDWIN SMITH

Succession to Titles of The Cecil Family

Salisbury

FROM *Histories of Noble British Families . . .* BY DRUMMOND, LONDON, 1846

Robert, 1st Earl of Salisbury, K.G.
1563–1612

William, 2nd Earl, K.G.
1591–1668

James, 3rd Earl, K.G.
1648–1683

James, 4th Earl
1666–1694

James, 5th Earl
1691–1728

James, 6th Earl
1713–1780

James, 7th Earl and 1st Marquis, K.G.
1748–1823

Robert, 2nd Marquis, K.G.
1791–1868

Robert, 3rd Marquis, K.G.
1830–1903

James, 4th Marquis, K.G.
1861–1947

THE LONDON *Times*

Robert, 5th Marquis, K.G.
born 1893

William Cecil
1st Baron Burghley, K.G.
1520–1598

From the time of Lord William Cecil, first minister to Queen Elizabeth, the Cecil family has come down the centuries in two parallel titled lines, the peers of Salisbury and those of Exeter. Both Cecil peerages sprang into being on May 4, 1605. On that day Thomas, son of William Cecil by his first wife, was created 1st Earl of Exeter, while his half brother, Robert, Lord Burghley's son by a second wife, was created 1st Earl of Salisbury. Despite the even start, Exeter peers outnumber Salisbury peers fifteen to eleven, in part because the Salisbury earls have lived longer: sixty-two years on the average, compared to fifty-eight for the Exeters. In addition Exeter peers have used up more of their life spans waiting to succeed to the title: an average of thirty-four years, compared to twenty-nine for Salisbury heirs. The earls of Salisbury were elevated to the marquisate in 1789. Twelve years later, the 10th Earl of Exeter became a marquis, which equalized matters once again.

Coat of Arms,
1st Baron Burghley

Exeter

FROM *Histories of Noble British Families . . .*

Thomas, 2nd Baron Burghley,
1st Earl of Exeter, K.G.
1542–1622

William, 2nd Earl, K.G.
1566–1640

David, 3rd Earl
c. 1604–1643

John, 4th Earl
1628–1678

John, 5th Earl
c. 1648–1700

John, 6th Earl
1674–1721

John, 7th Earl
c. 1700–1722

Brownlow, 8th Earl
c. 1701–1754

Brownlow, 9th Earl
1725–1793

Henry, 10th Earl and 1st Marquis, K.G.
1754–1804

Brownlow, 2nd Marquis, K.G.
1795–1867

William, 3rd Marquis
1825–1895

Brownlow, 4th Marquis
1849–1898

William, 5th Marquis, K.G., C.M.G.
1876–1957

UPI

David, 6th Marquis, K.C.M.G.
born 1905

the hereditary principle was heavily fortified with a profitably pragmatic view of life.

Of all the Cecils, the most realistic and deliberate, the most willing to operate in the shadows, and the most content to mask driving ambition behind the drudgery of bureaucratic detail was William, Lord Burghley, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, Master of the Court of Wards, and Lord Treasurer of England, then the highest office of state. It is almost impossible to separate the man from the administrative machine he operated, or to measure the humanity of a father who provided a classic example of parental reaction to the beatnik qualities of a son when he described his firstborn as "slothful in keeping his bed, negligent and rash in expenses, careless in his apparel, an immoderate lover of dice and cards; in study soon weary, in game never."

A passion for hard work, unswerving loyalty to the queen, and an innate sense of order in the handling of state and church affairs were the elements that transformed the son of a relatively minor government official and moderately well-to-do landowner into a master of the art of Tudor government. In later life, after he had earned a peerage for "faithful and acceptable duty," William concocted an artful pedigree "proving" that the Cecils originally stemmed from an eleventh-century Norman invader, but contemporaries knew better. It was common knowledge that Lord Burghley was of Welsh stock and that his grandfather, David, had launched the family by supporting Henry Tudor at the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485.

Born in 1520, William was educated at Cambridge for a career at court, and only once did he step from the path prescribed by his father, who had himself managed to become yeoman of the King's Wardrobe, Groom of the Privy Chamber, High Sheriff of Rutland, and Constable of Warwick Castle. In 1541 William married Mary Cheke, a girl with neither financial nor social expectations. From his father's point of view the single redeeming feature of the misalliance was that William's new brother-in-law was a distinguished classical scholar who had entree to the royal household, since he was a friend of Henry VIII and had schooled Prince Edward in the trade of kingship. Mary Cheke gave her husband a son, Thomas, but she survived the birth of her child by only a year. William's second try at matrimony took him again into the academic world, but this time the union was more fruitful and more to his father's taste. In 1546 he married Mildred Cooke, the daughter of a wealthy landed gentleman and tutor to King Edward VI.

Marriage did William's career no harm, and he rose rapidly in the jungle warfare of Tudor politics. Except for a miscalculation that led to a brief stay in the Tower of London, he never made a mistake, and even as Secretary of State he succeeded in disassociating himself from the Duke of Northumberland's unsuccessful attempt to alter the succession and prevent Mary Tudor from coming to the throne. Under Catholic Mary he learned caution, discretion, and the wisdom of quiet conformity. By the time Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558, his political education was complete; like his royal mistress he was a realist, content with what worked tolerably well. Presbyterian John Knox thundered that he was a backslider "worthy of Hell"; Guerau De Spes, the Spanish ambassador, called him "a man of a mean sort," a "great heretic and a clownish Englishman"; but Cecil could endure any amount of slander so long as Elizabeth continued to write that "No Prince in Europe hath such a councillor as I have in him."

For forty years Old Saturnus and his Bess ruled England. Cecil complained bitterly about the association: "What the Queen will determine to do God only knows"; and Elizabeth periodically stormed and blamed him for whatever policies she disliked. But together they weathered every crisis: the religious settlement of 1558–60, the Northern Rebellion of 1569–70, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots in 1587, and the year of the Armada, 1588. Lord Burghley died at seventy-eight, content in the knowledge that he had achieved all he had set out to do. England was secure and united as it had not been for fifty years; his great mansion of Theobalds had been rebuilt fit for a king (in fact, during the next generation James I insisted upon trading it for Hatfield House); he had won a peerage from his queen; he had sired offspring whose living descendants in 1904 filled sixteen folio pages; and his second son, Robert, had been perfectly groomed to follow in his footsteps.

Genetically Lord Burghley can hardly be said to have been a success, for Robert was born, in 1563, a frail child whose misshapen spine may or may not have been due to the negligence of his nurse. Educationally, however, Burghley was outstandingly successful, shaping his son in his own image—cautious, logical, dispassionate, and ordered. With infinite pains the father prescribed a curriculum for the children of his house:

7:00–7:30	Dancing
7:30–8:00	Breakfast
8:00–9:00	French
9:00–10:00	Latin
10:00–10:30	Writing and Drawing
The Common Prayers and so to Dinner	
1:00–2:00	Cosmography
2:00–3:00	Latin
3:00–4:00	French
4:00–4:30	Exercises with his Pen

From Latin, French, and cosmography at Theobalds, Robert moved to politics, diplomacy, and administration in the world about the queen. At twenty-one a seat was found for him in Parliament; at twenty-five he was sent on a diplomatic mission to The Netherlands; at twenty-eight he was knighted and admitted to the Privy

PHOTOGRAPHS DMITRI KESSEL—*Life* MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

Hatfield House (above), 17½ miles from London, has been the seat of the Salisbury Cecils since 1612. It was designed as it now stands by Robert Cecil himself. At left is the most spacious of Hatfield's 200 rooms, the tapestried Marble Hall. The large portrait beneath the gallery is of Mary Queen of Scots, whom William Cecil helped put to death.

Council by a sovereign who well knew the worth of two generations of Cecils; and finally at thirty-three he was made Principal Secretary, a position that he had in fact been occupying without title for five years. The father had done his work to perfection; he had created a model statesman—aloof but sensitive, tough but flexible, and above all else, realistic. The *Regnum Cecilianum*, as their enemies bitterly referred to the governance of the father and the son, reached its culmination in 1596; and Lady Anne Bacon, sister of Mildred Cecil, voiced the warning that every Elizabethan who sought power about the queen knew only too well: "Sir Robert," she wrote her son, "is fully stalled in his long-longed-for Secretary's place. You had more need now to be more circumspect . . . walk more warily. . . . The father and son are affectionate, joined in power and policy."

The *Regnum Cecilianum* lasted only two more years, and with the death of his father, on August 4, 1598, Sir Robert faced the first great crisis of his career alone. As Elizabeth's reign drew to a close, neither rouge pot nor wig could conceal the fact that time had not passed her by. More and more she supped alone with her memories, and a younger generation found their sovereign not a goddess-queen but a crusty old woman who alternately flirted like a coquette and scolded like a fishwife. The time for change was approaching, and young men—Essex, Raleigh, Francis Bacon, and Robert Cecil—turned their minds toward the crucial question: Who would control the machinery of state when Gloriana died? The death of Lord Burghley was the signal for the struggle to begin; two men vied for the old man's powers and titles—Sir Robert Cecil and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

Their encounter was scarcely equal. Sir Robert, trained by his father in royal management, was absolutely essential to Elizabeth's rule, especially in the twilight of her reign, when she depended more and more upon careful staging to achieve her effect; and this Gloriana knew. Essex, for all his devastating charm and impetuous quest for honor, was dangerous and incompetent; and this the queen also knew. Very early in their rivalry a pattern began to emerge—Essex received all the honors for which he

thirsted, and Cecil got all the key offices of state. While the earl was winning glory in France, Cecil was placed on the Privy Council; while Devereux was earning fame before the walls of Cádiz, Sir Robert was appointed principal Secretary of State; and when Essex was chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of victory in Ireland, Elizabeth quietly presented Cecil with the most coveted of his father's posts —Master of the Court of Wards, a position that made half the gentry of England beholden to its hunchbacked master.

The end came when Essex, disgraced in Ireland and badly unbalanced in mind, tried his hand at rebellion. Some whispered that he had been subtly led into treason by his rival, but Cecil neither had to influence the queen's mind nor arrange for Devereux's destruction. Essex made all the mistakes himself, and when he reached for Gloriana's crown she was merciless. "Those who touch the scepters of princes," she warned, "deserve no pity." On February 25, 1601, the Earl of Essex paid for his folly with his life.

Robert Cecil was now, as the Venetian ambassador noted, "omnipotent in all the affairs of state," but if he rejoiced he did so in secret; it was not his nature to gloat. Moreover, he was far too busy with a new threat to his position: the queen was dying, but she stubbornly refused to name her heir. Few people doubted that there could be any candidate other than James VI of Scotland, the son of her old rival, Mary Queen of Scots. Patiently, secretly, and astutely Cecil began to pave the way for James, thereby easing the trauma of a new dynasty upon the English throne and ingratiating himself with the powers to be. In the end James was eating out of his hand. "My dearest and trusty Cecil," he wrote, "my pen is not able to express how happy I think myself for having chanced upon so worthy, so wise and so provident a friend." It wasn't chance, but Cecil didn't bother to tell him.

When Elizabeth I died, in March of 1603, James entered into his new royal estate at the head of a triumphal procession. Significantly, he spent ten days at Theobalds on the way to London and, upon leaving, raised Sir Robert to the peerage as Baron Cecil of Essendon.

For nine years the last of the great Elizabethans tried to preserve both

COLL. LORD BURGHLEY, MARQUIS OF EXETER

Henry Cecil, maritally wayward 10th Earl and 1st Marquis of Exeter, stands beside his wife Sarah—a miller's daughter—and child in a 1797 portrait.

the virtues and vices of Tudor government. Cecil's efforts were well rewarded by a grateful sovereign who created him Earl of Salisbury in 1605 and presented him with the office of Lord Treasurer in 1608. Even his half brother, Thomas, profited from the bounty of a Stuart king and was made Earl of Exeter on the day that Robert received his earldom. But despite the honors and titles, Cecil was not happy. He had worked closely with the king to end the long duel with Spain in 1604 but received little thanks from the war hawks; his father's great house of Theobalds had to be exchanged for the rather dingy and old-fashioned royal palace of Hatfield; inflation and extravagance at court made a mockery of his efforts to balance the royal budget; and a new and sinister spirit was creeping into the tender consciences of Catholic and Puritan alike, calling into doubt the one rule by which he had governed his life—loyalty to the man who sat upon the throne. Worse still, the new Stuart king was a pale reflection of his Tudor predecessor, who would have been disgusted by a monarch who driveled at the mouth, picked his nose in public, was pathologically afraid of crowds, and rode a horse like a sack of grain.

As England moved further into the Stuart reign, time and events passed the new Earl of Salisbury by, but what precipitated his fall from favor was the one really bold administrative stroke by which he tried to save the economic foundation of the old Tudor structure of government. In 1608 he proposed the "Great Contract"—a bargain between the House of Commons and the crown whereby the crown promised to give up its more objectionable forms of disguised taxation, such as revenues from the Court of Wards, in return for an annual nonparliamentary income of two hundred thousand pounds. Salisbury sought to regain what Stuart ineptitude and European inflation were destroying: a secure and independent crown, free from parliamentary control and interference. The House of Commons might have accepted the Contract, but James, who had surrounded himself with second-rate courtiers, social parasites, and self-interested advisers, would not. Salisbury was discredited, the Contract collapsed, and England moved a giant

stride in the direction of civil war and revolution.

Cecil survived the debacle of his plans by only a year. He died at fifty in May of 1612, mourned by almost no one. His cynical detachment and cold realism won no hearts; his political acumen earned respect but inspired nothing but fear. Cecil could rip through the veil of religious nonsense and tell the Spanish ambassador that men were motivated only by self-interest dressed in the guise of religion, but such astuteness was hardly designed to win the love of Puritan parliamentarians or Catholic zealots.

Though the first Earl of Salisbury failed to save the way of life to which he had been trained, he left behind two memorials—children to carry on his name and title, and a mansion that remains today a monument of English history. Hatfield House is one of the most exquisite examples of late Elizabethan architecture. Reconstructed in the shape of an E in honor of the queen, it combines English Renaissance elegance with a touch of Tudor Gothic. Despite two fires—one in 1667 and the other in 1835—the house is essentially as Sir Robert built it. The great Library in the west wing holds ten thousand volumes bound in leather and vellum, and the priceless, if still largely unexplored, records of the family. The east wing, containing the King James' Drawing Room named in honor of Salisbury's sovereign, the Long Gallery of one hundred and eighty feet, with its gold-leaf ceiling, the Marble Hall, named for its black and white marble floor, and the Chapel with its fine oak paneling remain, with only slight remodeling and restoring, as the first earl designed them. In the gardens Cecil planted twenty thousand French vines (at a cost of fifty pounds). The queen of France sent him five hundred fruit trees, and James I planted four mulberry bushes that still live today.

Even more impressive than the architecture is the history that goes with it. Elizabeth and Edward spent much of their royal childhood at Hatfield; there also the queen held her first Council, during which William Cecil was sworn in as Secretary of State. At Hatfield House can be found the Casket Letters "proving" that Mary of Scotland murdered her husband, as well as Charles I's cradle, Spanish suits of armor dating from the Armada, and an endless array of trophies won by men long dead.

At Hatfield the Salisburys lived in state, and as late as 1858 the family maintained a baronial style that was rapidly becoming anachronistic. That year a visitor was stunned by the fact that at dinner, in the old Elizabethan hall, "The band of the militia . . . plays during the meal in an outer apartment. Each lady, as she passes into the dining hall, is presented with a handsome bouquet in a neat little wicker holder."

The descendants of Sir Robert Cecil were an eccentric and rather unprepossessing lot, but they managed to cling to both Hatfield House and their titles, despite political upheaval, civil war, and economic revolution. Only the third earl showed any signs of real political courage, but even so his treason was more symbolic than real. James Cecil detested the Stuarts, especially the Duke of York, the future James II. When that royal gentleman and his wife came to call at Hatfield House in 1679, the earl was not at home; he had been taken suddenly ill and his mansion was strangely bare of the necessities of life. His visitors could find no wood for their fires, no candles to light their way to bed, and no wine to warm their stomachs. Next day, in a fury, the duke ordered his treasurer to pay Lord Salisbury's steward for all they had

FROM *Historical Monograph: William Cecil* BY A. JESSOPP, LONDON, 1904

Mighty Burghley House, seat of the Exeters, was completed by Lord Burghley in 1589. The 10th earl's humbly born wife Sarah did not know her husband was titled until, one day, driving up to the palace, her Henry remarked: "It is all yours, and you are the countess of Exeter."

used—the sum of eight shillings!

The fourth earl was more inept and less stalwart in his politics. He turned Roman Catholic in the year that saw James II relieved of his throne by a kingdom that insisted that God was Anglican and Parliament supreme. When Salisbury was informed that Protestant William of Orange had landed in England at the invitation of both Whig and Tory oligarchs, his laments revealed the shallowness of his conversion. "O, God!" he cried, "O, God! O, God! I turned too soon! I turned too soon." Fortunately for the earl his mind was so sluggish that no one took him seriously, and though he spent two years in the Tower of London and was impeached by the House of Commons, neither his title nor his estates were touched.

By and large the Earl of Clarendon's judgment of the second Earl of Salisbury proved an accurate description of most of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century offspring of Robert Cecil. "The Earl," Clarendon wrote, "has been born and bred in Court and has the advantage of a descent from a father and grandfather who had been very wise men and great Ministers of State in the eyes of Christendom: whose wisdom and virtues died with them and their children only inherited their titles."

If the Exeter and Salisbury earls of the eighteenth century did not excel in wisdom, they at least did so in eccentricity. Henry Cecil, tenth Earl of Exeter, while still heir to his uncle's title and while divorcing his extraordinarily unfaithful wife, took himself off to the small hamlet of Bolas Magna where he settled down as plain Mr. John Jones. There he met and won the heart of Sarah Hoggins, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the local miller. Her father suspected Mr. Jones of being a reformed and affluent highwayman, but he did not regard that as cause for interfering in the courtship. In 1790 the future earl, still posing as John Jones, and still possessing a legal wife, married mistress Hoggins. A year later he left for a visit to London, but instead of behaving in proper aristocratic fashion and promptly forgetting about Mrs. Jones, he ordered her to follow him to the city. There he revealed his true identity but not his expectations, and remarried the lady as soon as he was legally divorced. The happy couple returned to Bolas Magna. Two years later Mr. Jones read in the newspaper that his uncle was dead and that he had inherited the title. Without explanation he told Mrs. Jones to pack for a journey, and together they rode to Burghley House, the ancestral home of the earls of Exeter. As the immense mansion came into sight, Mrs. Jones inquired to whom it belonged. The answer was brief but dramatic: "It is all yours, and you are the countess of Exeter."

BY COURTESY OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

Robert Gascoyne-Cecil, 3rd Marquis of Exeter and three times prime minister (he left office in 1902), wears here the robes of the Chancellor of Oxford.

On the Salisbury side, the sixth earl's activities were considerably more costly. He preferred the association of jockeys, coachmen, and servants and could not abide either the company or the grand style of life at Hatfield House. His passion was to drive the Hatfield coach at breakneck speed. As Alexander Pope put it: "From stage to stage the licensed Earl may run,/ Paired with his fellow-charioteer the Sun." Despite his passion for speed, his lordship was not a particularly adroit driver, and passengers traveled in the "Salisbury Flying Coach" at their own risk. The earl further shocked eighteenth-century society by marrying, in 1744, his steward's daughter. Polite company was divided as to which of the two had been compromised: the peer by allying himself with a domestic or the girl by marrying a coachman.

From a low point in the 1750's, the Salisbury Cecils slowly worked their way back to respectability and affluence. The sixth earl died in 1780, but long before that merciful event his son James had come to the attention of George III and had been appointed Treasurer of the Household. When his father died, the new earl was made a member of the Privy Council, then Lord Chamberlain, and finally, in the year 1789, he became the Marquis of Salisbury.

The first marquis was immeasurably helped by his wife, Lady Emily Mary, a female who never ceased to remember her rank and compelled "others to recollect it" too. She was so much a part of her husband's political career that when he was created Knight of the Garter, she had herself

painted in his regalia the moment the robes arrived from the tailor. She outlived her husband by twelve years and became the dictator of London society; "the arrantest old profligate" in the city, the Duchess of Newcastle called her. In the countryside she was known as "Old Sarum," and she hunted to the day she died, at eighty-five, in 1835. Almost blind and strapped to her horse, she rode to the hunt accompanied by a groom, who would shout as she approached a fence, "Jump, damn it, my Lady, jump!" Possibly Old Sarum was responsible for raising the Cecils from their "quite exceptional stupidity," for it was her grandson who became three times prime minister of England, under Victoria.

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil, third Marquis of Salisbury, was born in 1830, the final decade of an era that had commenced one hundred and forty-two years before when Whig and Tory oligarchs, in league with landed squires, country parsons, and city merchants, had triumphed over James II. The future marquis and prime minister seemed singularly ill suited to either his title or political office, and both were thrust unwanted upon him; one when his elder brother died in 1865, the other in 1885 when it became obvious that no one else could hold the Conservative party together after the death of Benjamin Disraeli.

Robert Gascoyne-Cecil had all of the instincts but none of the physical attributes of his aristocratic breed. His eyesight was so poor that on one occasion he mistook his butler for a cabinet official; he boasted that he did not know the difference between a cow and a turnip; he hated athletics and detested his years at Eton, where he was known as an uncompromising swot who could translate Latin verses but refused to make his talents available to others. He was a social heretic, ridiculing the hunt and loathing the horse—that paragon of beasts upon whose backs the English aristocracy passionately believed they were "as near heaven as it was possible to be." In dress he was scrubby and unpressed, in politics tactless and uncompromising to the point where almost every public utterance contained some "blazing indiscretion," and in manners he was rarely dignified. In later life he liked to ride a tricycle about St. James's Park, and at home at Hatfield he would don sombrero and poncho and pedal vigorously about the estate, his groom helping on the upgrades but sharing the downhill rides by clinging to his lordship's back. Yet for all his idiosyncrasies, the marquis had immense personal charm and energy, working on occasion thirteen hours a day, and no one ever called him anything in public except Lord Salisbury.

BY COURTESY OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

Emily Mary, 1st Marchioness of Salisbury, gambled the nights away at Hatfield House and rode to the hounds at eighty. This portrait is by Reynolds.

The marquis was the last of his kind, a nobleman who stubbornly opposed the formula that "the voice of the people is the voice of God" and who caustically remarked that "the people as an acting, deciding, accessible authority are a myth." His political views were branded by friend and foe alike as "impossible," for he held firmly to the conviction that the better part of society should govern the larger part. He saw no reason to cater to public opinion or to compromise for the sake of votes; the electorate could take him as he was or leave him in peace.

Strangely enough the British public took kindly to this unconventional nobleman who avowed that the primary purpose of his government was to neutralize the evils of mass democracy. The Marquis of Salisbury was never a popular leader, but like his famous Elizabethan ancestors, he possessed one essential for political success—he was a realist who admitted that in politics "there are no absolute truths or principles." As a consequence he could be disturbingly radical: in 1868 he supported a bill to permit the creation of life peers on the grounds that the House of Lords would eventually die if it remained the preserve of hereditary nobility and closed its doors to the custodians of real power in the nineteenth century—the industrialist, the engineer, the banker, and the professional classes.

When Lord Salisbury, as leader of the Conservative party, was called upon to form his first government in June of 1885, he was the victim of a complex political situation in which neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives could command a majority, and

very reluctantly the marquis put together a caretaker government. Salisbury was willing to accept the burdens but not the edifice of office; of 10 Downing Street he would have no part. If he had to rule England he would do so from Hatfield House, surrounded by his family of five sons and two daughters, his chemistry laboratory, and his electrical gadgets.

Hatfield House under the marquis became an extraordinary public center. His lordship was an electricity enthusiast, and until his female guests complained about the unflattering brilliant blue light, he illuminated the great dining hall with arc lights recently invented by Herr Javlochkov. These were eventually removed to make way for the incandescent lights of Messrs. Swan and Edison. Why Hatfield House did not burn to the ground is one of the minor mysteries of early domestic electricity, for "miniature storms of lightning sometimes raged in the drawing room, which was often thrown into darkness," and the naked wires on the ceiling of the great gallery were apt to break into flames. The Cecil family grew so accustomed to these electrical spectacles that they "nonchalantly" threw up cushions to put the fires out, and "then went on with their conversation."

Salisbury's first ministry lasted six months, but he was back as chief of state within the year and except for a short Liberal interlude, remained in office until he retired in 1902. During these years aristocracy had its final fling. God, despite Biblical criticism, Newtonian cosmology, and Darwinian principles of evolution, remained securely in heaven; Victoria had become an institution in her own right, beloved of all her people; the Empire upon which the sun never set was at its apogee; London was the financial center of the earth, while Great Britain remained its foremost power; and the British aristocracy at home and abroad discovered that it was still popular and desirable to be a "milord."

Nemesis both for England and her ruling elite was approaching, and the advent of mass democracy, world war, and a fundamental shift in the balance of military and economic power would shortly sweep away almost everything Salisbury, his government, and his class stood for. But for the moment, aristocracy, heavily fortified by plutocracy, had its day. Only sixty-five persons—all peers of the realm—possessed both lands in excess of fifty thousand acres and annual incomes of more than fifty thousand pounds, and fifteen of these (a baronet, a baron, three earls, three marquises, and seven dukes) managed with a hundred thousand pounds in a society that had almost no income tax or inheritance tax and regarded fifty-five pounds as an adequate yearly wage. The nation's rulers were a closely knit clique of possibly five thousand extremely wealthy and land-oriented individuals who married each other's sisters and debated with one another in that most exclusive of clubs —the House of Commons. The Salisbury government was the embodiment of this ruling elite: ten of the fifteen cabinet posts went to aristocrats in 1886; eight of the nineteen in 1895; "All men," it was said, "who can rule by a sort of instinct."

CECIL BEATON

The present Lord David Cecil, brother of the Marquis of Salisbury, is a distinguished writer. He is a noted biographer, literary critic, and Oxford don.

In politics Salisbury was a cautious Conservative believing, as his great ancestor had, that "peace and goodwill will not be the result of some clever contrivance which men, by much debating and many experiments, may hope to hit upon." If peace were to be obtained at all "it will be by rooting out the selfishness which good fortune nurtures and the recklessness which springs from misery." At home he tried to soften the impact of the industrial revolution and the misery of poverty on the grounds that public funds spent to benefit the poor were a sound investment against revolution. Abroad he considered Germany reckless and France mischievous, and he preferred no entangling alliances. On the other hand, he always conceived of Britain as being "part of the community of Europe, and we must do our duty as such." The principles by which he lived and governed were aristocratic truisms that both of his great predecessors—Lord Burghley and the first earl—would have applauded: to act with "no tinge of that enthusiastic temper which leads men to overhunt a beaten enemy, to drive a good cause to excess, to swear allegiance to a formula, or to pursue an impractical ideal. . . ."

When he stepped down from office in 1902 and turned the leadership of the party over to his nephew, Arthur

Balfour, Europe realized that an epoch had come to an end: "What closes today," wrote *Le Temps*, "is a whole historic era. It is ironic that what he hands on is a democratized, imperialized, colonialized and vulgarized England—everything that is antithetic to the Toryism, the aristocratic tradition and the High Church that he stood for."

The third Marquis of Salisbury died in 1903, a year after he retired. Neither his five sons nor his nephew, who was his political successor, possessed the old statesman's balance or his comprehension of the realities of politics. Each son in his way did well—one a bishop, one a general, one a member of Parliament, one a cabinet minister, and one a devoted supporter of the League of Nations and a Nobel peace-prize winner who earned a peerage in his own right. But the twentieth-century Cecils were victims of the growing violence and immoderation of the years preceding 1914. They were consumed by "a sudden awareness of vanishing nobility," and they led the high Tory element that bitterly and unreasonably opposed the destruction of the political powers of the House of Lords, which, as the old marquis had warned sixty years before, had failed to become representative of anything except dying aristocracy.

Salisbury's nephew, Arthur Balfour, was equally inept and alien in the new realities of mass democracy, mass production, and mass communication. As old Lord Burghley had schooled his son in Elizabethan politics, so the third marquis groomed his nephew to be his successor, and the results were surprisingly similar. Both men were cool realists and imperturbable cynics, and both were curious relics of an older way of life. But change was slower and kinder in the early seventeenth century than, in the first years of the twentieth, and Robert Cecil managed to hold on for more than a decade, while Arthur Balfour survived scarcely three years before political leadership passed into harsher and more unscrupulous hands.

By the Second World War the Cecils had slipped into relative but comfortable obscurity. The crisis of the House of Lords in 1911 seemed to exhaust the family; the fourth marquis generally avoided politics; the fifth marquis held cabinet office under Anthony Eden and Harold MacMillan but in 1957 retired from government and the inner circle of the Conservative party. The chances of another Cecil, one of those hundreds of descendants of old Lord Burghley, returning to political power are probably high, for the family possesses money, brains, and connections—still the essentials of political success even in a democratic England. For the time being, however, the clan has returned to scholarship—the late Lord Hugh Cecil, who was Provost of Eton College, and David Cecil, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Modern society is unimpressed with and uninterested in a family that rarely makes the headlines, except occasionally on the society page. The one exception is David, Marquis of Exeter, who as Lord Burghley won the four-hundred-meter hurdles in the 1928 Olympic Games. (He is today a vice-president of the International Olympic Committee, Chairman of the British Olympic Association, President of the Amateur Athletic Association and the International Amateur Athletic Federation.)

CENTRAL PRESS PHOTOS LTD.

David Cecil, 6th Marquis of Exeter, won an Olympic Gold Medal in 1928 for the 400-meter hurdles. Now sixty-two, he is a former governor of Bermuda.

As for the present Marquis of Salisbury, he continues to support unpopular, possibly unrealistic causes. In 1962 his lordship spoke of the new African Leaders as "men who are still only one generation removed from savagery, men without any inherited understanding of the hard facts of economics and without any of our tradition of tolerance—many of them avid only for political power." It took a Cecil, secure in the knowledge that after four hundred and fifty years there is something to be said for the "hereditary principle," to make such a statement, but he may have forgotten that one of the first and most successful of his line, William Cecil, was a new man without tradition, who was "avid only for political power."

Lacey Baldwin Smith is Professor of English History at Northwestern University and the author of several books on Renaissance England. His most recent work is The Horizon Book of The Elizabethan World, *to be published this September. His account of the final days of Henry VIII appeared in* Horizon *last spring.*

RASPUTIN
RECONSIDERED

An author can argue—and here does—that the "Holy Devil" of Russian legend was a well-meaning peasant with a good psychiatrist's gift for healing and unusual opportunities for sexual conquest. And that the czar might have done better to listen to him more, not less

According to Sir Bernard Pares, the eminent British historian who spent World War I as an observer with the Russian army, it was taken for granted by the soldiers at the front that the Empress Alexandra was the mistress of Grigori Rasputin, the Siberian wanderer and "man of God." Pares, who knew the empress and her Victorian background, disdained the notion; yet he was embarrassed, both as a gentleman and as a historian, by certain documents—for example, this letter from Alexandra to Rasputin:

"My beloved unforgettable teacher, redeemer and mentor! How tiresome it is without you! My soul is quiet and I relax only when you, my teacher, are sitting beside me. I kiss your hands and lean my head on your blessed shoulders. Oh how light, how light do I feel then! I only wish one thing: to fall asleep, forever, on your shoulders and in your arms. What happiness to feel your presence near me. Where are you? Where have you gone? . . . Come quickly, I am waiting for you and I am tormenting myself for you. . . . I love you forever."

One has to remember firmly, when reading that, that the empress was literally a Victorian. A German princess, she was put under Queen Victoria's tutelage at the age of six, and in that chin-up *ambiance* she grew to be a very model of a reserved and proper young Englishwoman. She was shy, and nobody was much taken with her in St. Petersburg when she visited there in 1889. Nobody, that is, except twenty-one-year-old Nicholas, heir to the Russian throne. He fell completely and irrevocably in love with her.

The marriage that resulted, after a suitably long and difficult courtship ("Alix," who was enormously religious, was most reluctant to abandon the Church of England for the Orthodox faith), was as comfy-middle-class and free from internal stress as can be imagined. One's first impression in reading what Alexandra wrote to Nicholas right from the start—and went on writing over some twenty-two years, for her wifely ardor never flagged—is that of having injudiciously untied the ribbons on a packet of letters penned by somebody's grandmother in her youth. It is difficult not to wish, sometimes, that Alexandra had written in Russian instead of English; some dignity might have been gained in the translation. But she was never at ease in Russian, and this is what we get:

Above, a Russian cartoonist depicted "Russia's Ruling House" with Rasputin dandling the czar and czarina. Opposite, Rasputin sits glowering amid a flock of upper-class ladies soon before his assassination in 1916.

"Sleep well my Sunshine, my precious one & thousand tender kisses fr. yr. own old Wify. . . ."

"Sweet Many mine, beloved One, huzy my very own Treasure, goodbye. . . ."

"Yes, me loves oo, my little Boy Blue. . . ."

That's not fair, obviously—pulling out a few lines of love talk from her long, detailed, frequent letters (she wrote every day whenever they were apart). Still, such lines do suggest something about the scope and timbre of Alexandra's mind. It was tremendously active, but its horizons were close. She had an ample lack of general knowledge—Queen Victoria's tutors had done a remarkably bad job, it seems; she had very little imagination and very little capacity for empathy beyond the circle of her family and a few friends. She felt briefly for the mangled soldiers whom she attended as a half-trained nurse in a hospital near the palace, but was unable to contemplate the meaning of multiplying what she saw by hundreds of thousands. The war itself she tended to regard as a personal affront; she thought Wilhelm (the kaiser) ought to be ashamed of himself.

As for politics, Alexandra was perfectly sure of one cardinal point: God had indeed anointed her husband as the absolute ruler of all the Russias,

By E. M. HALLIDAY

EUROPEAN PICTURE SERVICE

Garbed in one of his beloved military uniforms, Nicholas II, inept czar of all the Russias, poses with his son Alexis, the czarevitch, about 1915. Three years later Bolsheviks assassinated them both.

and any challenge to his authority should be ruthlessly cut down. From first to last, and with increasing frequency, her communications to him are studded with admonitions to "show that you are the master," "remember who you are," "be more autocratic." ". . . they shall be *made to bow down* before you and listen [to] your orders," she insists; "'Russia loves to feel the whip'—it's their nature. . . . How I wish I could pour my will into your veins." She makes little distinction between liberal politicians and outright revolutionaries; they are all of "the left" and ought to be destroyed—it's they or Russia, she feels.

The man to whom her hundreds of epistles were sent was a small, trim-looking, affable person, almost invariably courteous and calm—at least outwardly. His inward demeanor may be more accurately reflected by his remarking to his mother that he often thought he was going to be sick just before a public appearance.

It was the importunities of royal responsibility that upset him: for this he had no stomach. Nicholas became czar unexpectedly early, when his tall, domineering father, Alexander III, died quite suddenly in 1894. The young man was not ready to step into those iron-heeled boots—but then, he never would have been ready. By temperament he was barely interested in problems of government, and he chose what only appeared to be the easiest course: "I shall maintain the principle of autocracy just as firmly and unflinchingly as it was preserved by my unforgettable dead father."

It was not in him to do so. Trotsky, whose contempt for Nicholas was naturally Gargantuan, quotes with satisfaction Rasputin's pithy characterization: "He lacks insides." That is too harsh. The emperor had his inner life, but it was not adjusted to his larger obligations. He was genuinely and immensely fond of his family, the four pretty girls the empress bore him before producing, finally, a male heir; he was even fonder of the boy. To Alexandra herself he was unshakably devoted, in a more quiet way as the years went by, perhaps, but without deviation. He loved the out-of-doors—walking, running, climbing, shooting, rowing, bathing; the family vacations, spent in the sunny Crimea or cruising the fjords of Finland on the royal yacht, were his happiest times. In the evenings he thoughtfully played dominoes, or read light, romantic English novels recommended by the empress. Of his official duties, the only ones he really enjoyed were those involving the army and navy. He loved his many fancy uniforms; he loved military bands; he loved parades and reviews—fine horses prancing, lances flashing in the sun, a thousand visored heads (Dre-ess *right!*) turning smartly as one, to receive his Imperial Majesty's pleased and benevolent appraisal.

And Nicholas did try to follow in his father's autocratic footsteps. To be a successful autocrat in a gigantic nation that is teeming with the revolutionary impulses of a backward society awakening to new knowledge and a new technology, however, requires stark concentration. The mailed fist must come crashing down at the right moment and in the right place; both rewards and punishments must be dealt, not capriciously, but with a view to consequences. Alexander III was good at this; he was also good at picking talented men to execute his will. Count Sergei Witte, who more than any other man jacked Russia out of the nineteenth century and into the twentieth, was Alexander's best executor, and Nicholas relied on Witte after his unforgettable father's death.

But not enough. Witte was opposed to the disastrous conflict with Japan in 1904–05, but Nicholas allowed himself

to be talked into launching what was anticipated as "a small, successful war" on the ground that it would unite the nation and cool off revolutionary hot spots. When it all went badly, Witte was dispatched to New Hampshire where, working smoothly with Theodore Roosevelt, he pulled the Russian chestnuts out of the fire in a surprisingly good peace settlement. But when Witte convinced his doubtful master that the revolutionary pressure, intensified instead of reduced by the war, must be met by real political concessions, Nicholas granted a mildly representative government—the Duma—only with the greatest reluctance: "this terrible decision," he called it, writing to his mother in October, 1905. (He did his best to renege as fast as possible, dissolving the First Duma after only two months, the Second after three.) Witte, meanwhile, fell abruptly out of favor.

Eleven years of his reign had now passed by, and the smiling and ever-courteous Nicholas had achieved the reputation among the revolutionaries of being worse than Alexander. But his ruthlessness was born of indifference and inattention rather than deliberate despotism. Even more than his spouse, he was deficient in empathy. His impressions of his subjects' sufferings were always terribly vague, very hard to keep in mind for more than a moment.

When hundreds of peasants were trampled to death in a crowd gathered to celebrate his coronation in 1896, Nicholas looked the other way and proceeded to a glamourous ball. He was in the middle of a set of tennis when, in 1905, the news was brought to him that a whole Russian fleet had been destroyed by the Japanese at Tsushima; he remarked, "What a terrible disaster" and went on to finish the set. And after the infamous "Bloody Sunday" of 1905, when hundreds of petitioning peasants and workers were killed or wounded by over-eager police as they peacefully approached the Winter Palace, Nicholas allowed a delegation of workers to visit him and hear his reaction: he scolded them severely about their faltering loyalty to their czar. "What a fine fellow!" he noted on a report complaining about a provincial official who had been executing suspected seditionists without trial.

Was he, then, incapable of deep feeling? Not at all. "The whole day after it happened I never stopped crying," he wrote his mother in 1902 when "dear old Iman," his favorite dog, died.

Into the midst of this looking-glass Camelot abruptly walked Grigori Rasputin. It was the autumn of 1905. Not only had the royal couple been badly shaken by the failure of the Japanese war and the establishment of the Duma, but they were in a state of anxiety about Alexis, the czarevitch. The little boy, Russia's heir apparent, had inherited through his mother that curse of European royalty, hemophilia. The empress prayed for a saving miracle—and lo, Rasputin appeared!

Nobody knew much about him, and indeed his background is still obscure. Legends festoon such a character like seaweed around a sunken ship. By the time he was lured to his death in the basement of a St. Petersburg palace in 1916, he had aroused such intensities of hatred and loyalty that the facts of his early life already had slipped beneath the surface of reality; they shimmer murkily there, distorted by the refracted light of partisan views. Was he, truly, at sixteen already known in his part of Siberia as an insatiable lecher whom the peasant girls somehow could not resist? Did he, at the same time, show gifts of second sight and prophecy that cast a glow of religious mysticism around his head? Did he disappear from home for long intervals, wandering about Russia and even to the Holy Land as a starets, a pilgrim of God, who was still a drunkard and an indefatigable satyr? Was he a member of the secret group known as the *Khlysts*, outlawed fanatics who held frenzied rites in torchlit forest glades that ended with wild, naked dancing and abandoned sexual orgies?

All these suppositions were part of the Rasputin legend long before he died, and there probably is a kernel of truth in most of them. It is known on better evidence that he was born, about 1870, in the village of Pokrovskoe, in a fertile and prosperous part of Serbia, the son of a relatively well-to-do peasant. He was christened Grigori Efimovich, and it has been claimed that "Rasputin," which means "dissolute," was a nickname given him later for sufficient reasons; but it has also been claimed that it was an alternate name for his village, which stood at a crossroads. In a slightly different form, "Rasputin" means just that. He grew up as a farm boy and in his teens was a carter. Soon after that his wanderings began, as well as his reputation as a mystic, and from there on it is more and more difficult to sift fact from legend until he moves into the limelight of St. Petersburg after 1905.

What we know for sure is that Rasputin possessed one of those charismatic personalities that mysteriously exude an aura of singularity. He stood out in any crowd—not for his size (he was of ordinary height and build, not huge or hulking as he has often been described) but for that radiating singularity. In attempts to explain it physically, most people who knew him attributed it to his eyes. They were large eyes, but the pupils were small and bright and had a "piercing" quality; many felt that there was something distinctly hypnotic about them.

Then there was his manner. He was rough and uncouth, yet there was about him none of the deferential humility of the typical Russian peasant only half-escaped from serfdom, whose costume he persisted in wearing no matter what high echelon of St. Petersburg society he touched. There was instead a disconcerting self-assurance, as if he knew some unique secret and was on easy terms with unseen, supernal forces.

The empress was sure he came from God. He was introduced to her and Nicholas by a grand duchess who had

seen him perform impressive acts of faith healing. Rasputin was curiously at ease with the royal couple from the start, greeting them like old country cousins; in no time, it seemed, he was addressing them as "Papa" and "Mama" and kissing them casually whenever they met.

"The Czar needed a peasant," wrote one of Nicholas's head courtiers; and the czarina needed one too, for she cherished a romantic notion that, despite her unpopularity with the upper classes, the millions of obscure Russian *muzhiks* were lovingly loyal to her and to the czar. Even Rasputin's air of supernatural sponsorship did not strike Alexandra as contradictory to the idea that he was typical of the people, since she devoutly believed that in their untutored faith the simple peasants of Russia were more directly in touch with God than the priests of the Church.

Rasputin soon showed what he could do for young Alexis. The boy fell under the spell of those hypnotic eyes, and whether or not he liked the faith healer from Siberia—it is a matter of dispute—he must have believed him when the starets stroked his brow and said that the fever would subside, that the headache would go away, or that the bleeding would stop. For that is what happened, much to the consternation of the royal physicians.

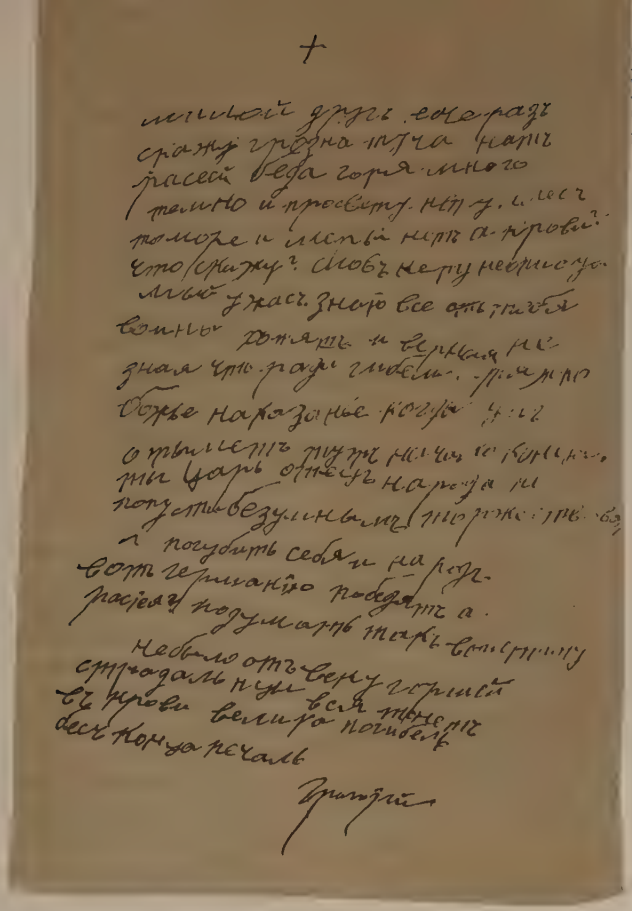
The effect of all this on the empress, whose religious fervor often crystallized into superstition, can readily be imagined. It was the miracle she had been praying for, incontestable proof that "our Friend" (as she and Nicholas called Rasputin) had been "sent to us by God." No matter that the starets, pleasantly surprised at the shower of good things that began to descend on him now that he was a favorite of the royal family, set up an elaborate establishment in St. Petersburg from which rumors of high living and low pursuits soon began to filter back to the palace. It was all just jealous calumny, Alexandra believed, the kind of thing true saints had often had to endure; Jesus Himself, she sometimes reminded the emperor, was woefully maligned. The analogy appealed to her, and in her letters she almost invariably uppercased the H in personal pronouns referring to Rasputin.

It is true, of course, that palace favorites always stir up much jealousy and spite, and the spectacle of the bearded peasant living in epicurean luxury and enjoying first claim on the attention of the czar and czarina was more than most upper-class Russians could stand. Above all, it was Rasputin's free and easy sex life that galled them. There probably was as much sexual license in St. Petersburg between 1900 and 1916 as anywhere in the world (the lascivious tradition established by Catherine the Great had never died), but peasants were not supposed to act like that, especially peasants who claimed to be more than usually religious. Rasputin never disavowed the Church, and he prudently attended mass often enough to spike any charge of overt heresy; but to the extent that he was credited with having special lines to heaven, the hierarchy inevitably felt by-passed as well as insulted. Openly lewd behavior from such an individual was simply intolerable. As for the sturdy industrialists and country squires who made up the larger part of the Duma, the thought of Rasputin bedding down a ballerina one night and kissing the empress the next was enough to raise their blood pressure to dangerous heights.

So was born the legend of Rasputin as a sexual ogre. It was avidly promoted by his many enemies during the last decade of his life, and since then it has produced a garbage slide of lurid books and articles. M. V. Rodzianko, the last president of the Duma—an enormous man with a deep voice, an impressive belly, and a talent for indignation—enjoyed referring to (but never exhibited) "a whole mass of letters from mothers whose daughters had been dishonored by Rasputin." A fanatical monk named Illiodor, who at first was one of Rasputin's disciples, then a competitor of sorts, and finally his bitterest enemy, wrote a book called *The Holy Devil*—an alluring title that has since been used repeatedly—telling many spicy details of "our Friend's" behavior with the opposite sex that allegedly were based upon Illiodor's observations and the word of Rasputin himself. Rasputin was not modest, and such stories, especially when recounted by a man who hated him, might have been thought of doubtful historicity; yet Sir Bernard Pares did not hesitate to use them in drawing his character sketch of the imperial favorite. It must be admitted that some of Illiodor's revelations are irresistible; for example, when Rasputin's wife (for he did have a wife, and three children) was quizzed on her reaction to her husband's sexual exploits, she replied, with something resembling family pride, "He has enough for all."

Pares, however, who apologizes for having to introduce such unsavory matters into a serious work of history, prefers to document Rasputin's debauchery from police reports. Plainclothesmen were stationed outside the prophet's apartment at all times to keep notes on who went in and out; when Rasputin himself went out, he was followed. On the basis of this evidence it is possible to reach a reasonably objective conclusion about his venereal habits. And the interesting point is that when the circumstances are considered, those habits seem to have been nothing very extraordinary. There was, to be sure, a fairly steady procession of actresses, dancers, and upper-class ladies who for one reason or another were careless of their reputations; and it does indeed appear that Rasputin was extremely direct in his approach to sex. He was not inclined to waste much time in dalliance.

What was admittedly extraordinary was his situation. A strong and healthy peasant, with strong and healthy appetites, he was so influential at the royal household that in St. Petersburg he could actually do what most men achieve only in erotic dreams. He



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In a letter to the czar, scrawled and unpunctuated, Rasputin pleaded prophetically against Russia's imminent entry into war, foreseeing "Calamity, great sorrow, gloom, not the slightest ray of light . . ." "You, O Czar, Father of our people," begged the monk—with more sagacity than that shown by more reputable advisers—"do not allow the mad to triumph and lead you to your doom, you and your people . . ."

could enjoy a different woman every day, whether she came to him out of piqued curiosity, as a trembling offering in return for a political favor to her husband, or as a religious devotee whose Christian ecstasies had somehow gotten mixed up with her orgasms.

For he was attractive to women; there can be no doubt of that. He was nothing if not masculine, and the mesmeric quality of his eyes evidently was an effective complement—or, when necessary, an effective palliative—to the blunt probing of his peasant hands and the wet kisses that he distributed among his female acquaintances like invitations. As for the charge so assiduously pushed by his male detractors—namely, that he was physically "filthy" and had a strong body odor—it does not seem to comport well with the acknowledged fact that a favorite place for his "orgies" was the public baths.

Once the idea that he was sexually grotesque has been set aside, it is quite possible, as a matter of fact, to see Rasputin in a favorable light: he was really, in modern terms, a good guy. He was undeniably crude, but there is little evidence that he was cruel. On the contrary, as Pares is quite willing to admit, Rasputin was strongly bent toward a kind of Robin Hood generosity. Often he took large sums of money from the wealthy—bribes for favors—and handed them out to poor people without even troubling to count: he was not personally avaricious. He drank—but seldom anything stronger than wine and always, if possible, in company; he loved singing and dancing, and was perpetually ready for a party. Russian folk songs and gypsy music were two of his passions.

On more important questions, Rasputin comes off surprisingly well. He foresaw what World War I would mean for Russia and tried desperately to make Nicholas see it, too, sending him telegrams and notes conveying his vision of the impending calamity (see letter at left). It was a very lonely and unpopular view to take at the start of the war, for Russia was caught up in the frenzied, romantic patriotism of 1914 as much as any of the participants. Pares dutifully records a fact that he was sure would strike his readers as anomalous: Rasputin was a close friend of that shrewdest of Russian statesmen, Count Witte, who was also firmly opposed to Russia's involvement in World War I. ". . . but there is nothing surprising in all this," Pares concludes, giving the devil his due; "Rasputin's views were very long-sighted and they coincided with Witte's."

There was another subject on which Rasputin took an unpopular stand, particularly for a Russian peasant. He was sure that all races and religions were equal in the sight of God, and he spoke out boldly against anti-Semitism whenever he thought it might do some good. Over a long period of time this had some effect on Nicholas and Alexandra, in whom the prejudice was deeply ingrained.

No, the image of Rasputin as "the evil monk" simply does not hold up on the basis of the record. Yet now comes the paradox. It can reasonably be argued that without the influence of this *bon vivant* who so ardently preferred Eros to Death, the Russian Revolution of 1917, with all its agonies, might never have occurred.

To make such an argument, it is

necessary, of course, to entertain the idea that individual personalities do matter in history. It is a non-Marxist idea, although Trotsky, confronted with the fascinating triumvirate here considered—Nicholas, Alexandra, and Rasputin—concedes that "the great, moving forces of history, which are super-personal in character" do, after all, "operate through people," and he proceeds to a penetrating character sketch of the czar and the czarina.

It was Nicholas who set the stage for a denouement in which Rasputin's influence would be the catalytic force. In the summer of 1915, with Russia reeling under the blows of the Kaiser's armies and the responsibilities of wartime government painfully stretching his limited attention span, he decided to leave the helm to Alexandra while he went off to the front to personally lead his soldiers in defense of Mother Russia. It was a farce that fooled almost nobody but Nicholas himself; he had no practical experience as a military commander and only the haziest concepts of military strategy and tactics. It was his quaint notion that nothing could boost the morale of Russian army units more than the living sight of their emperor, and when he was not playing dominoes, walking in the woods, or reading, he spent much of his time visiting troops—always, of course, at a safe distance to the rear of the actual fighting.

Back in St. Petersburg and Tsarskoe Selo, the seat of the imperial palace, Alexandra and Rasputin were, as the saying goes, having a ball. Both of them had encouraged Nicholas to go to the front, overpowering the eloquent protests of his ministers, and the shape of things to come was suggested by a fond exchange of notes between Alexandra and her spouse shortly after the event.

"Do not fear for what remains behind [she wrote]. . . . Lovy, I am here, don't laugh at silly old wify, but she has 'trousers' on unseen . . . It is all much deeper than appears to the eye . . . you showing your mastery, proving yourself the Autocrat without wh. Russia cannot exist. . . . God is with you and our Friend for you—all is well. . . . Sleep well my Sunshine, Russia's Saviour. . . ."

"You do great service to me and to our country," Nicholas replied not long after. "I am so happy to think that you have found at last a worthy occupation!"

What followed was a governmental debacle. Rasputin by this time was under intense fire from both left and right in the Duma; the only way he could protect his privileged position was to get rid of ministers who were opposed to him and install those who had good reason to be friendly—either because they had bribed him, or because he "had" something on them from his unusual sources of information. It was not a procurement system likely to bring good men to office, and in any case Rasputin's crystal ball fogged badly when it came to picking ministers, however innocuous his intentions. It must be remembered that he was almost entirely uneducated; for all his native insight, he knew next to nothing about the monstrous problems of economics and administration that the war's devastation had brought to Russia. As for Alexandra, she blindly accepted every recommendation that her man of God made to her, passing the word along to Nicholas (who still made the actual appointments) in letters that, as the months went by, escalated from hints to wheedling and from wheedling to hysterical insistence.

The chaotic results, unfolding over a period of a year and a half, would take much space merely to chronicle, but they were epitomized by three of the Ministers of the Interior (in charge of the secret police) who held office during that time. A. N. Hvostov, a prize plum of Alexandra's, turned out to have sinister underworld connections and ended by plotting—unsuccessfully—to kill Rasputin. He was followed by a disaster named B. V. Stürmer, a double-dealing reactionary who was despised by nearly everyone who knew him; and his place was finally taken by A. D. Protopopov, who was so egregiously fumbling that many thought he was on the edge of insanity. Most of the lesser ministers were no better, and Russia plunged toward the abyss of revolution faster and faster as the discontented segment of the public expanded to include many thousands of the upper classes in addition to the workers and the peasants.

Was the revolution, then, Rasputin's fault? Essentially, it was brought about by the overwhelming impact of World War I on Russia: the slaughter of its young men by the millions; the disruption of its economy caused by the national war effort. But it is conceivable that the country might have muddled through to the end of the war and been counted among the victorious Allies—if the czar had remained in charge of his government and allowed himself to be persuaded toward basic social reforms in the direction of constitutional government. The rest of the country was ready. During the first year of the war there was in office one of the most competent cabinets Russia had ever had—a council well aware of the awesome needs of the country in the struggle against Germany and not unwilling to co-operate with the Duma and the spontaneously organized citizens' groups like Zemgor (in effect the Red Cross) and the war industries committees in meeting those needs. The czar was a malleable fellow, especially when he was bored, and he was enormously bored by the war.

No, the revolution was not Rasputin's fault. But when Nicholas presided over a meeting of his Council of Ministers on September 2, 1915, and listened to their urgent pleas that he reconsider his decision to go a-soldiering, it was noticed that he held a religious icon clenched tightly in his hand. It was undoubtedly the same image of Saint Nicholas that Alexandra referred to in a letter shortly thereafter; it had been blessed by Ras-

putin before the meeting. When everyone had finished speaking, the czar stood up and said simply, "I have heard what you have to say, but I adhere to my decision." A day later he left for the front.

Rasputin was murdered, in a fashion and for reasons never satisfactorily explained, in Prince Felix Yusupov's palace in St. Petersburg on the night of December 29, 1916. The assassins' melodramatic tale of their supposedly patriotic deed has been told too often to bear full repetition: how Yusupov lured Rasputin to a strange basement apartment that had been lavishly furnished for the occasion, plied him with heavily poisoned wine and cake—without effect—and then shot the starets with the revolver of his friend and fellow assassin the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich; how Rasputin later "came to life" and struggled fiendishly with Yusupov, broke through a "locked" door into a courtyard, and finally was shot again by a third conspirator, Purishkevich; how the body was then bundled up and dropped from a bridge through the ice of the Neva River, where the police found it shortly "with water in the lungs."

To say that this is a dubious story is to put it kindly. But then, the chief assassins were rather dubious characters. Prince Yusupov, the twenty-nine-year-old ringleader, was by his own description a spoiled playboy whose "scandalous" diversion for several years had been to dress up as "an elegant woman" and visit St. Petersburg night spots where he drew attention from gallant army officers unaware of his disguise. The Grand Duke Dmitri was one of Yusupov's closest friends. During the war he had exhibited his patriotic zeal by hanging around the czar's military headquarters doing nothing in particular, or by going on long leaves to St. Petersburg to join Yusupov in a variety of nocturnal revels. The third principal member of the murder ring, V. M. Purishkevich, was a far-right member of the Duma known for his passionate hatred of all liberals, radicals, and Jews; he was one of the organizers of a group of reactionaries known as "the Black Hundreds," who worked with the secret police in promoting anti-Jewish riots. Purishkevich was noted for his wit, which on occasion took odd turns: he once appeared at the Duma wearing a red carnation in the fly of his trousers.

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The czarina, Alexandra, forty-four years old in this photograph of 1916, perches on the czar's desk while he works. Intense, mystical, and autocratic, she urged her timid husband into extreme reactionary courses.

However, in the present context the point quite simply is that Rasputin was done away with. Though miserably botched, the crime was in a sense a perfect one: the murderers were never prosecuted because one of them was a member of the royal family. The mismatched troika that had been running—and ruining—Russia was suddenly minus its leader, and no lightning came from heaven to avenge him. It must have occurred to millions that perhaps it would not be so difficult to get rid of the other two, after all.

When it was nearly over for the Romanovs—when the bread riots of March, 1917, had exploded into irrepressible revolution—two harried members of the Duma, themselves utterly astonished at what had happened, traveled to Pskov to receive the czar's written abdication. The document spoke of the need "to facilitate for our people a close union and consolidation of all national forces for the speedy attainment of victory" and respectfully mentioned the establishment of "legislative institutions" by "the representatives of the people." Shulgin, one of the two emissaries, burst out: "Oh, Your Majesty, if you had done all this earlier . . ." The ex-czar looked at him "in a curiously simple way." "Do you think it might have been avoided?" he asked.

History cannot be lured back to cancel even half a line. Still, half a century later, Nicholas's poignant question invites an answer.

By J. H. PLUMB

WHICH AGE OF ANXIETY?

Anxiety, anxiety, anxiety, the endless round of unease, the hesitation, the fear, the unquiet age that has never known security, decade flowing into decade, generation into generation: the Bomb over one, Death over the other, no ease between. So it would seem. So, indeed, are we told, over and over again.

Of course, there was a golden time not so very long ago. It used to be the spacious days of those four-square Victorians whose morality and sense of purpose were as solid as their bankbooks. Then faith was secure, status certain, morality rigid but acceptable, peace abundant. But the Victorians are faltering today: Boschlike horrors are beginning to peep from behind the aspidistra; their secret lives are too disturbing. Sex combined with hard cash on the one hand and hypocrisy and impotence on the other is not much to the taste of the present generation.

We are far happier with the permissive Edwardians. The glitter of their decades now beckons the anxious present. Sexually loose, maybe, but how skillfully they blended marriage and dalliance. How much better a marriage that bent rather than broke—the home, the child, secure. And the world, how good it was, how plush, so dollar-sprung and cozy. The emperor was in China, the czar in St. Petersburg, the kaiser in Berlin; and no one fretted overmuch if they shot their workers down. And the odd pogrom in an unpronounceable Polish town was just in the course of nature. It could hardly worry the Rothschilds, with Edward VII in Baden-Baden. And as for the starving peasantry in India and Africa, their outrageous naked bodies were not advertised in the Sunday newspapers, but decently forgotten, the conscience eased with a dollar for Famine Relief or missionary enterprise. Was not the fertility of death Nature's answer to their thoughtless concupiscence? Over the not so distant past there was a sheen, a golden haze, a sense of relaxed and untroubled life, when authority and wealth bred a serene stability. At least for those who knew no history.

BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Life in the savanna

For some intellectuals, aware of Bloody Sunday, of the revolutionary seething among the workers and the clash of battle armor among the great powers, these times seemed less glamourous, more foreboding, licked with the orange flames of Armageddon. Like the wistful New England intellectuals of the mid-nineteenth century, their golden age, their age of equipoise and tranquillity, was discovered in the Middle Ages—when common men were close to nature; when all was folded in a harmonious ritual of the changing seasons; when men and women lived out their lives within a spiritual framework of a Christian community, Catholic and universal. Life was untroubled by change.

Over the past hundred years a social nostalgia for times gone by has become almost obsessive. Does it spring from a growing sense of anxiety, of unease, of dislocation? Is it true that the world man has created for himself can only be lived in at immense emotional cost to himself? Has it grown so complex that the mind and the passions shrink in terror and tremble not only at the future but at the present? Is the most complex society in the history of mankind also the most neurotic?

The arguments for the affirmative, of course, are very powerful. Man is being urbanized at an incredible rate. Packed as dense as a shoal of whitebait, he is harried by noise, choked with filth, and cramped by a city's routine. Nothing, it would seem, could be more alien for an animal of savanna and forest, mountain and seashore, whose complex and delicate senses are tuned to explore the natural world. Of what use is his miraculous vision in the smog of Los Angeles? Surely anxiety and neurosis must result. And the signs of it seem obvious enough: the growing addiction to drugs of every variety—oceans of alcohol, mountains of nicotine, millions of pills—down they go, drug after drug, mental breakdown spreading, suicide rising.

Medieval devilry

An incapacity to control change, or stabilize society, drives more and more men, particularly the young, into a febrile search for identity and release. Hence the sexual promiscuity, hence the sexual experimentation, hence the rejection of inherited social and personal standards. As the Moloch of industrial society goes marching on, the individual becomes weaker, more bewildered and lost: a screaming ball of *Angst* in an urban prison whose lights wink at him like a crazed and uncontrollable computer. Poor man.

But has he ever found peace here and now? From those far-off days in the savanna when the great cats pounced and tore him apart, anxiety as sharp as a toothache has dogged his life. Can we even begin to realize the anxiety of an agrarian society

that lived on the margin of existence, dependent entirely upon the whims of the weather? One year abundance; the next year failure, with crops shriveled or blackened on the stalk; starvation certain for all and death for the old, the weak, and the young. And yet this is how our ancestors lived in western Europe and Africa. The vast majority never knew security in their basic needs. The average span of life in Elizabethan England was about twenty-six years, less than the hungriest and most famine-ridden Indian peasants of today. The distended bellies and protruding eyes of starving children were more a part of the Elizabethan scene than were madrigals. And worry about the harvest bred anxiety, heightened fear, and made the peasant hysterical, hagridden with fearsome specters. The terrors of hell, of Armageddon, of sorcery, of witchcraft, of devilment, everywhere abounded. That the world might suddenly end is not a new anxiety created by the Bomb, but merely an old anxiety renewed. A sudden sense that the world's end was near could grip the mind of the medieval peasant and craftsman with a power that led to manifestations as extravagant as any the world has seen—nudity, mass flagellation, communal love, pogroms. Often men behaved like wild animals caught in a savanna fire. They fled and killed.

The wrath of the Lamb did not merely blow up in spasmodic social whirlwinds, though these were as constant and as terrifying as gales at Cape Horn. The anger of God, as well as the horror of the Beast was a daily, an hourly, presence; for the Devil and his temptations, together with his horde of demons, monsters, and goblins, lurked everywhere—in the milk churn, in the wind, above all in the minds of men, women, and children. Ritual; holy relics; priests; bell, book, and candle; might keep the terrors at bay, but they rarely defeated them. Suspicion and fear hung about medieval lives like fog from a swamp, making our own anxiety-ridden lives seem serene and sunny by contrast. After all, hippies may annoy, but they can hardly be regarded as witches and wizards, responsible for all our ills and ripe for brutal extermination at the stake.

Nor did the world become much more

Horrors of the plague

comfortable as peasant society gave way to commerce and industry. Plague stalked the cities year in and year out as famine had stalked the land. And the puritan ethic was scarcely insouciant. The Devil still roared at large, although his utterances seemed to be more personal, more concerned to capture the individual soul than bring on Armageddon. One can begin to imagine the anxieties of adolescence when every lustful thought was charged with sin, when the Devil itched in one's fingertips. From day to day one's immortal soul was in jeopardy; the tortures of hell were no fantasy, but real, gloatingly dwelt on by preacher after preacher. Can worry about the draft, or bewilderment about one's identity match terrors such as these?

Within this past century enormous burdens of anxiety have been lifted off the shoulders of men and women to a degree that they can scarcely appreciate. How rarely now do parents fear the sudden illness of children—the quick hand of death through diphtheria, poliomyelitis, meningitis, scarlet fever, and the rest that were commonplace but a generation or two ago. Deadly disease is no longer a lodger in the home but a remote contingency. And better still, the spiritual fears have vanished. No devils, no witches, nothing but a necessary wantonness in those fingertips.

Of course we are still far from a stable, rational, and loving world. At times the fear of social change or of cracks in the political structure blinds the hearts and minds of men as completely as the fear of the day of doom did in the Middle Ages. We find lives willed along lines totally different from our own curiously menacing. Allen Ginsberg, fakirlike, high on pot, has the same effect on the conventional-minded as a medieval heretic on a College of Cardinals—and for similar reasons. He threatens the structure of respectable ritual. Hence the violent need to get the kids off Sunset Strip. Unconventional behavior that preaches a golden age, a millennium, a paradisical way of life, menaces the frail structure of society, makes breaches in it through which anxiety can sluice; so anxiety transmutes into action, which means as ever war, violence, brutality, repression. Kill what you fear; that was the lore of the savanna and forest, a lesson that man learned when he first stood upright—a lesson, it seems, that he can neither forget nor exorcise. Anxiety, like sex or hunger, is probably a part of the structure of our instincts; one can only wish that it received the same recognition. Certainly it has infused all societies through the ages of man and has usually led to cruelty, stupidity, and repression. What ought to disturb us about Ginsberg or the children on the Strip is the disturbance in ourselves. And we should feel cooler, more at ease, if we compared these outbursts to the millenary rantings of the Christian past, when hordes of hysterical believers worshiping their saints stripped, flogged, and copulated in an orgy of religious ecstasy. The motives were much the same; driven into frenzy by the anxieties of their age, they wanted paradise here and now. How quiet, how serene, seems a "Be-In" compared with that.

"Be-In" at Central Park

THE EARLY, MISERABLE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

A NIGHTMARE OF PRISONS, DEBTORS, AND HUMILIATION
IN A BOOT-BLACKING SHOP
IN THE SLUMS OF LONDON, IT LASTED ONLY SIX MONTHS—
BUT CHARLES DICKENS NEVER GOT OVER IT

BY

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT

The worst period in Charles Dickens's life—and by far the most formative for the future novelist—began in the winter of 1822 in London. Dickens had been born near Portsmouth and had grown up in Chatham, a large country town of neat, three-storied houses and hayfields dotted with buttercups. His family had always been poor, yet poverty in rural Chatham was genteel and endurable. Then his father's job in the Navy Pay Office forced a move to London, and because of John Dickens's incurable improvidence, the family's finances steadily deteriorated. There was no money to send Charles to school, and the first year was a series of moves from one cramped, inadequate house to another even smaller, drearier one. Charles's books were pawned; he was without companions. He felt sure he could not be more unhappy. But the next six months were to plunge him even deeper into the dark, unfathomable miseries of childhood despair.

When a family friend, James Lamert, offered Charles a job in the small business he managed, it seemed to the boy like the end of hope. The factory made boot blacking, and each bottle was labeled "Warren's Blacking, 30, Hungerford Stairs." The job Charles was to perform paid six shillings a week for a twelve-hour day, from eight in the morning till eight at night, with an hour off for dinner and a half-hour for tea. It would not be a very inspiring job, but it would keep him occupied until his father's financial position improved; and even though the money was not very much, it compared favorably with what the other boys got and would at least do something to help the family. Besides, James said, he would give Charles some lessons each day during the dinner hour.

His worried parents accepted the offer with gratitude. Six shillings a week was a good enough wage for an artisan's child of Charles's age, and the hours were quite usual. They agreed that it was a pity that he could not go back to school, but then, most boys

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had no more schooling than he had had, and many started work much younger. It was not as though the boy showed any exceptional promise, except in the comic singing line. He was bright enough, that was clear, and Mr. Giles, his last schoolmaster, had praised him. But after all, they agreed, there were the other five children to think of, and there were debts to pay.

Charles, however, could not see it in this light. He was *not* an artisan's child. He did not openly complain, but he felt as though he had been sentenced to death. For the rest of his life he never ceased to wonder how his parents could have treated him so, never ceased to pity this poor child who had been so cruelly disregarded.

"It is wonderful to me," he said, "how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. . . . no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally —to suggest that something might have been spared . . . to place me at any common school. . . . My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so, if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar-school, and going to Cambridge."

Instead, on February 9, 1824, when he was just twelve years old—his birthday had been two days before—he was starting work at 30, Hungerford Stairs, a warehouse whose decaying floors have long since disappeared beneath the rails of Charing Cross Station. Dickens described it later as a forlorn, dirty, ramshackle old building overlooking the river. "Its wainscotted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old grey rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again."

Charles was given a place of work separate from the other boys, in a little alcove in the countinghouse, below whose grimy windows he could see the river—the disturbing, troubled river—and the coal barges working their way downstream to Limehouse and Chatham. His work, boring and repetitive, consisted of covering the pots of blacking, first with a piece of oilpaper, then with a bit of blue paper, tying them round with string, clipping the paper close and neat, then sticking on the labels—"Warren's Blacking, 30, Hungerford Stairs, Strand."

Although he managed throughout his lifetime to keep secret these days of his childhood, which filled him with such shame, remorse, and bitterness, he could not afterward resist bringing the name "Warren's," and the rhymed advertisements that made the boot blacking famous, into book after book. In *Sketches by Boz*, a shabby-genteel man looks as though he wrote poems for Warren's. Tony Weller in *Pickwick Papers* decides that "poetry's unnatural; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's Blacking." And in *Barnaby Rudge*, the old house, "mouldering to ruin," in which the secrets of the past are buried—one of many such houses in Dickens's work that are used as symbols of repression and restriction—is called The Warren.

In his memoirs Dickens's sixth son, Henry Fielding, describes how his father could not avoid making mysterious references to Warren's. One night, Henry remembered, the family was playing a memory game. "The players sitting in a circle, one of them starts by giving some name or object . . . such as Beefsteak, the next person has to repeat Beefsteak and add something such as Caligula, and so on, each person having to repeat all the names . . .

"The game had been proceeding for some time and the volume of words had grown to a fairly staggering length when it came once more to my father's turn . . . After successfully repeating the string of words the time came for him to add his own contribution. There was a pause for a while, and then, with a strange twinkle in his eye and a curious modulation in his voice, he gave it as *'Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand.'* The way in which he said this at once attracted my attention; why, I could hardly tell."

After a few days' work in the warehouse, when Charles had learned how to do the work of wrapping and pasting without getting either his hands or the pots in a mess of glue and bits of string and paper, it was suggested that it was too inconvenient having him do the work in the countinghouse and he was brought downstairs into the general workroom.

For Charles this enforced contact with working-class boys, illiterate and uncouth, was even more degrading than the drudgery of his work. He seemed forever cut off from the world he had known at Chatham. And now he was to be thrown into the company of boys such as Paul Green, whose father was a fireman at Drury Lane Theatre and whose little sister did imps in the pantomimes; and Bob Fagin, who wore a paper cap and lived with his brother-in-law, a waterman. They called Charles "the young gentleman," and he, though "perfectly familiar with them," was forever conscious of what he called "a space between us," placed there by his "conduct and manners."

In a fragment of autobiography that he could not bring himself to publish but that later appeared almost word for word in *David Copperfield*, Dickens wrote: "No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sank into this companionship; compared these every day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me cannot be written, . . . even now I often forget in my dreams

. . . that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life."

His misery aggravated an intestinal ailment he had suffered from as a small child, and one day as he sat at his bench he suffered a violently painful seizure that made him roll on the floor in his agony. Bob Fagin made him a bed of straw in his old alcove in the countinghouse and filled empty blacking bottles with hot water and held them against his side and back where the spasmodic contraction of his inflamed kidney was causing him such excruciating pain. Gradually he began to feel better, and Bob Fagin said he would take him home.

Charles let Bob go with him part of the way, but then he tried to get rid of him. Bob, though, insisted on accompanying him all the way, so, as Dickens said, "[I] shook hands with him on the steps of a house near Southwark Bridge on the Surrey side, making believe that I lived there. As a finishing piece of reality in case of his looking back, I knocked at the door, I recollect, and asked, when the woman opened it, if that was Mr. Robert Fagin's house."

"The document was placed on an ironing board, and the prisoners were formed up in a queue to sign it. . . . 'Whatever was comical in this scene, and whatever was pathetic, I sincerely believe I perceived in my corner quite as well as I should perceive it now.'"

It was not that Charles was unwilling to let his family see what sort of companions he had been forced among, but that he was too proud to let Fagin know where he was going. For he was going to visit his father. And his father, within a fortnight of Charles's beginning work at Hungerford Stairs, had been arrested for debt and taken to the Marshalsea prison.

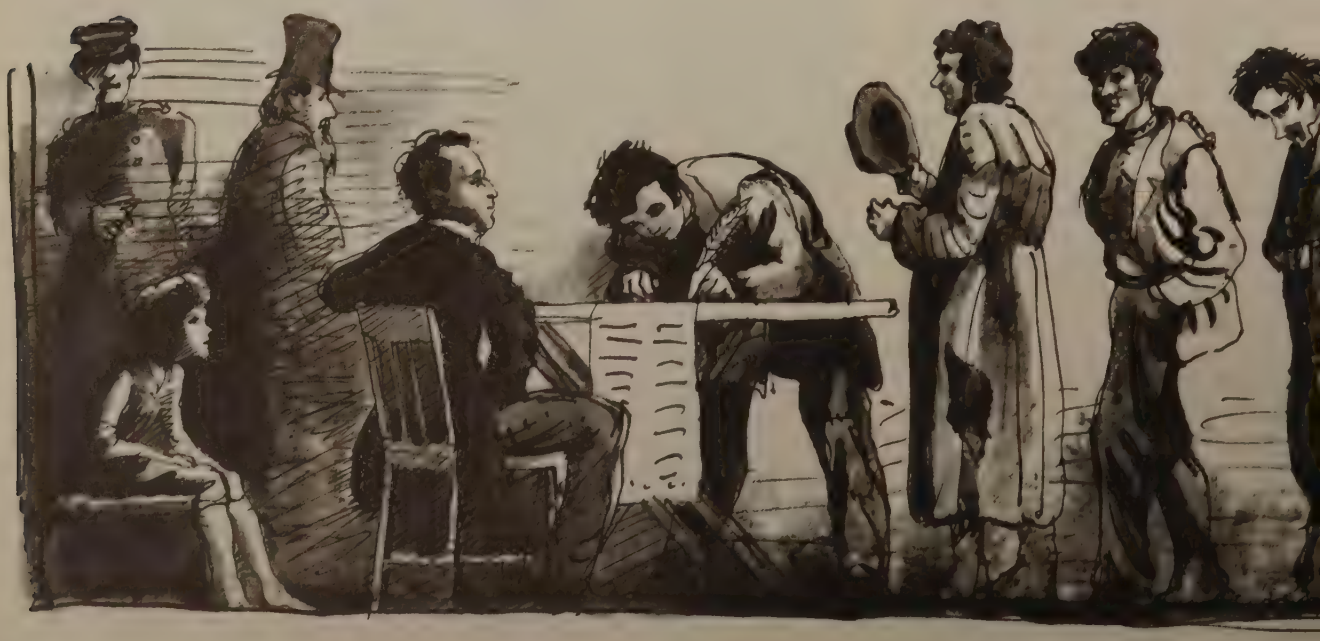
John Dickens had spent the first three nights of his detention in a sponging house (a detention house for debtors), where Charles had visited him and discovered him crying. Charles had cried, too; and for the whole of that weekend, as he ran about London carrying messages and trying vainly to raise the forty pounds that would have secured his father's release, he found difficulty in keeping the tears out of his eyes. On Monday Charles went with his father to the Marshalsea, "an oblong pile of barrack building, partitioned into squalid houses standing back to back . . . environed by a narrow paved yard, hemmed in by high walls duly spiked at the top."

At the prison gates John Dickens, in a characteristic comment of extravagant self-pity, said that the sun had now set on him forever; and Charles, believing that it might be true, thought that his own heart was really broken.

Feeling more lonely than ever now, he worked on at Warren's in utter misery. In the evenings after work he went to visit his father, who met him in the lodge and took him up the stone steps to his little room on the top floor but one. They sat down together, and his father wept as he told his son to take warning from his sad and bitter fate.

One evening he was sent upstairs to borrow a knife and fork from a Captain Porter, who lived in the attic, and he remembered thinking as he stood nervously in the doorway that he would not like to borrow Captain Porter's comb. There were four people in the room, the shabby captain with his uncut beard, and his "old, old, brown great-coat, with no other coat below it," two washed-out looking girls with rumpled hair, and a very dirty woman who, Charles knew instinctively, "was not married to Captain P."

This glimpse of Captain Porter's room, with its disheveled inmates, a bed rolled up in the corner, and a row of plates and pots on a shelf, would be used as a scene in *David Copperfield.* Indeed,. the crying man downstairs seems already himself designed to form the model for William Dorrit, the "father of the Marshalsea" and for



twenty-three years a prisoner there. The resemblance between the two men is unmistakable. William Dorrit's social pretenses, his ornately verbose style, his nervous habit of fluttering his fingers in front of his lips when he first enters the prison, and the way in which, during the later years of his incarceration, he sits in his chair with a "wonderful air of benignity and patronage," are all drawn closely from life.

For John Dickens, once recovered from his early despair and recurrent outbursts of weeping, became again the talkative, gregarious, pompous fellow he had been before. Elected chairman of the committee that organized the debtors' lives and saw to their needs and meager comforts, he was soon well known and respected in the prison; and as the king's birthday approached, it fell to him—as it fell to Mr. Micawber in the King's Bench—to draw up the petition in which the prisoners begged for a royal bounty to enable them to drink his majesty's health.

Charles asked to be present on the day appointed for them to sign the petition. The document was placed on an ironing board, and the prisoners were formed up in a queue to sign it.

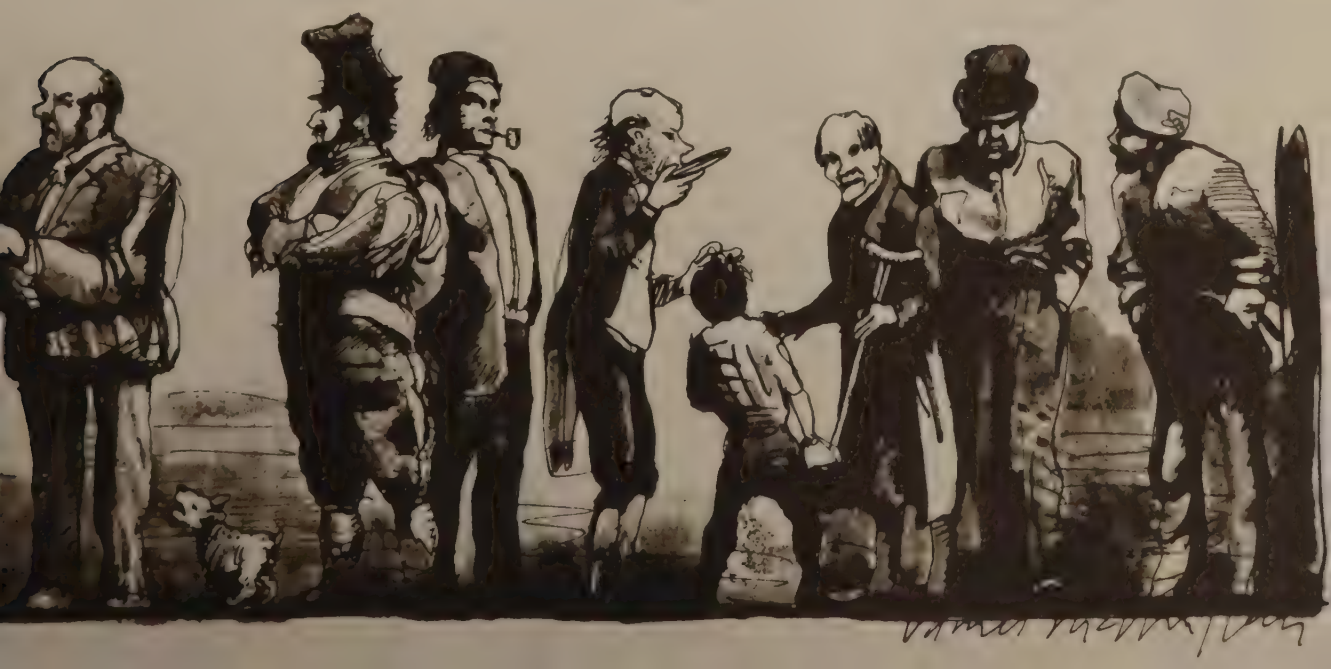
In later life Dickens wrote: "Whatever was comical in this scene, and whatever was pathetic, I sincerely believe I perceived in my corner . . . quite as well as I should perceive it now. I made out my own little character and story for every man who put his name to the sheet of paper. I might be able to do that now, more truly: not more earnestly, or with a closer interest. . . . I thought about it afterwards, over the pots of paste-blacking . . . When I looked, with my mind's eye, into the Fleet-prison during Mr. Pickwick's incarceration, I wonder whether half-a-dozen men were wanting from the Marshalsea crowd . . ."

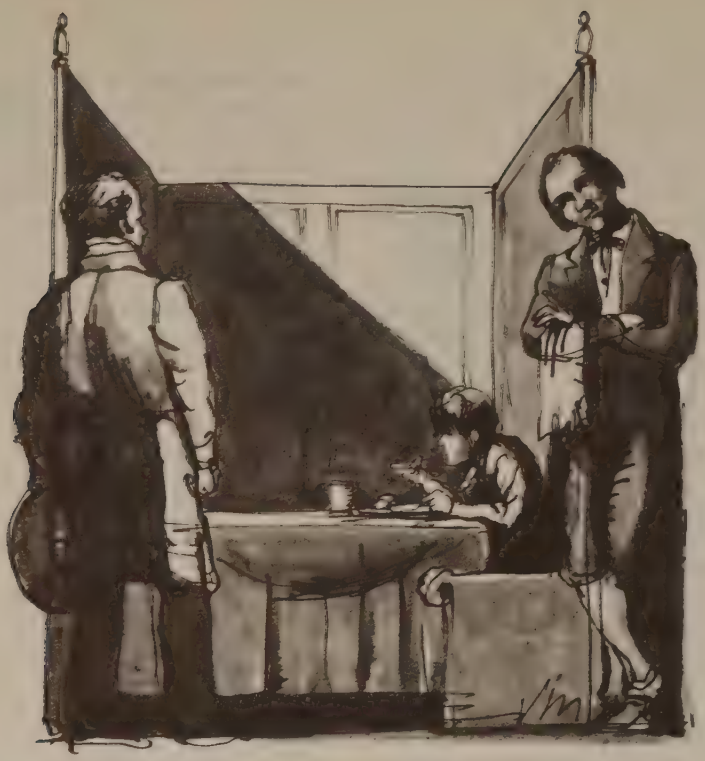
Although Dickens based William Dorrit, as well as Mr. Micawber, on some of the superficial mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of his father, the fundamental humiliation of Dorrit, his shame and fears, helplessness and concealments, are really Charles's own. It was *he* who felt imprisoned, just as all the leading characters in *Little Dorrit*, and not only William Dorrit himself, feel imprisoned or are shown in conditions or institutions or states of mind that are as imprisoning as the spiked walls of Marshalsea.

All his life from now on, Dickens was to be obsessed with prisons, prisoners, and imprisonment. There is scarcely a book in which they do not play a part. They are repeatedly used as symbols of suffering, inescapably linked with childhood memories, and they bind him, however reluctantly and with whatever subsequent reservations, to the fears and hopes of the oppressed. To Edmund Wilson it seems that even in *Pickwick Papers*, Dickens's first and most cheerful novel, the hero was destined for the Fleet Street prison from the beginning. And it is certainly there in the Fleet that the earlier shadows cast by the gloomy, interpolated stories come together to darken the spirit of *Pickwick Papers*.

There is no squalor in Pickwick's Fleet to compare with that of the real Marshalsea. But it is here that Pickwick for the first time sees men who have "lost friends, fortunes, home and happiness;" it is here for the first time that he feels a "depression of spirit and sinking of heart" as he thinks of being left alone in such a "coarse, vulgar crowd;" it is here for the first time that he turns away from a fellow human being, unable to stand the sight of a "young woman, with a child in her arms, who seemed scarcely able to crawl, from emaciation and misery . . . Mr. Pickwick's heart was really too full to bear it, and he went up stairs to bed."

It is a theme and an emotion to which Dickens persistently returns: Fagin in the condemned cell; Pip in *Great Expectations*, who is shown the





" 'What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition, coming in all alone, I don't know, but I can see him now, staring at me as I ate my dinner, and bringing up the other waiter to look. I gave him a half-penny, and I wish, now, that he hadn't taken it.' "

gallows at Newgate and the Debtors' Door by a man in mildewed clothes "bought cheap off the executioner," and who watches the scene at visiting time when "a potman was going his rounds with beer; and the prisoners behind bars in yards, were buying beer, and talking to friends; and a frouzy, ugly, disorderly, depressing scene it was." The repetition of this theme reflects Dickens's need to probe constantly into that painful past that so very few of his readers knew had ever existed.

Nor was it only in imagination that Dickens felt this compulsion to turn over and re-examine these days of misery and social disgrace that centered around Marshalsea. In England, America, Italy, and France he found his way to the prison in each new town he visited, in the way that another man might seek out a museum or a church. He would never forget, he wrote later, the mixed feelings of awe and respect with which he used to gaze at the forbidding walls of Newgate prison, the huge door plated with iron and mounted with spikes, the turnkeys sitting round a fire inside the whitewashed lodge. He wondered how on earth the hackney coachmen could "cut jokes in the presence of such horrors, and drink pots of half-and-half so near the last drop." He would never forget, either, the iron cage in the wall of the Fleet, behind which "was posted some man of hungry looks, who, from time to time, rattled a money-box, and exclaimed in a mournful voice, 'Pray, remember the poor debtors; pray, remember the poor debtors.' "

On getting back to Gower Street from the prison, Charles would be given supper by his mother and then sent out to the pawnshop with bits of her remaining jewelry or a boxful of kitchen utensils, which it was hoped would fetch enough money to provide food for the family next day.

One night when he got home, he found most of the furniture gone, and all that remained in the house were a few chairs and beds and the kitchen table. Mrs. Dickens and her six children then moved into the two front rooms, and they all lived there, night and day, with their orphan maid.

On the next rent day, there was little of any value that could be sold, and they moved out and went to live with John Dickens in his room in the Marshalsea. It was hardly big enough for himself, let alone for his family, but at least they could be together there; and since John was still getting his twenty-five pounds a month from the Navy Pay Office, where he had worked, they would not go hungry. Nor would the other Dickenses be confined to the prison; for although the debtors were not allowed outside the walls, their families could move freely in and out of the gateway until it was shut and locked at night. The few pieces of extra furniture they needed could be hired from the turnkeys, while food could either be cooked in the prison kitchen or brought in from a cookshop. There was, however, no room for Charles, who was sent out to live on his own with a Mrs. Roylance, a "reduced old lady" who took children in to board. His father paid for Charles's lodging there. But out of his six shillings a week Charles had to provide for all his other wants. Usually for breakfast he had "a penny cottage loaf and a pennyworth of milk," though sometimes on his way to work in the mornings he could not resist the pieces of pastry put out in trays at confectioners' doors in Tottenham Court Road. Being stale they were sold cheap, but even so, if he bought a slice, he found that he could only afford a saveloy sausage and a

penny loaf for his dinner, or perhaps bread and cheese and a glass of beer in "a miserable old public-house over the way." He was usually alone, and constantly unhappy.

When he had resisted the stale pastry, he would go out for a special dinner. In the Strand, or in Drury Lane, or in the Adelphi, the little boy would eat in the place of his choice. In Clare Court there were two of the best known alamode beef shops in London. "The beef and liquors at either house are equally good," the *Epicure's Almanack* reported, "and the attention of all who pass is attracted by the display of fine sallads in the windows—red beetroot conspicuous."

Charles's attention was certainly attracted, and one day he went by himself to one of these beef houses. Tucked under his arm was his own bread wrapped up in a piece of paper so as to look like a book. He went into the best dining room and ordered a plateful of larded beef. "What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition, coming in all alone, I don't know," he wrote; "but I can see him now, staring at me as I ate my dinner, and bringing up the other waiter to look. I gave him a halfpenny, and I wish, now, that he hadn't taken it."

"No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support, from anyone that I can call to mind," Dickens wrote later, discussing with acute self-pity the plight of his young self almost as though this sad little boy was someone else. "I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. . . . I know that I worked, from morning to night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through; by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond."

One evening on his visit to the family in the Marshalsea, Charles broke down and cried bitterly. He was all the more upset for he had, up till then, confided his loneliness and misery to no one. He had "never said, to man or boy" how he came to be working in the blacking warehouse; he never "gave the least indication" that he was sorry to be there. That he suffered "in secret," and that he suffered "exquisitely," no one had known but he.

But now he could not control his tears; and his father, immediately touched by the unhappiness Charles had succeeded in hiding from him, made arrangements for the boy to move from Mrs. Roylance's to a little back attic in Lant Street, Southwark, occupied by a good-hearted fat old man with a gentle wife and a "very innocent grown-up son," lame like his father. The room looked out over a timberyard, and the family—later to become the plump and placid Garland family of the *Old Curiosity Shop*—was kind and understanding. All three of them sat up one whole night by Charles's bedside when he had an attack of his recurrent illness. Charles, after moving there from Camden Town, thought it all "a Paradise."

Lant Street, he wrote later in *Pickwick Papers*, was colonized by "a few clear-starchers, a sprinkling of journeymen bookbinders, one or two prison agents for the Insolvent Court, several small housekeepers who are employed in the Docks, a handful of mantua-makers, and a seasoning of jobbing tailors. . . . The population is migratory, usually disappearing on the verge of quarter-day, and generally by night. His Majesty's revenues are seldom collected in this happy valley; the rents are dubious; and the water communication is very frequently cut off."

Now that he was living on Lant Street, Charles did not have so far to walk to reach home after his evening visits and was able to go to the prison for breakfast and supper. And after supper on Saturdays, as he made his way home, his money burned a hole in his pocket. More than once, as he confessed, "I have been seduced . . . by a show-van at a corner; and have gone in, with a very motley assemblage, to see the Fat-pig, the Wild-Indian, and the Little-lady. There were two or three hat-manufactories there, then . . . and among the things which, encountered anywhere, or under any circumstances, will instantly recall that time, is the smell of hat-making."

After seeing the show in the traveling circus van, he might call at a shop selling Hunt's roasted corn, which had become a popular substitute for coffee and which he enjoyed roasting for his Sunday breakfast; or he might spend twopence on the latest issue of *The Portfolio of Entertainment and Instructive Varieties in History, Science, Literature and Fine Arts*, a magazine that specialized in burlesque and parody; or linger at a street corner to watch a Punch-and-Judy show. And he remembered once going into a theatre "of the lowest description" and seeing a performance that included two dramas, a comic song sung from a donkey's back, and a display of fireworks.

On Sunday he spent all day in the prison, going first to fetch his sister Fanny from the Academy of Music, where she was studying. One day he went to the Academy to see Fanny presented with a prize and felt overwhelmed by the contrast between her acclaimed success and his own disregard and hopelessness. "I could not bear to think of myself—beyond the reach of all such honorable emulation and success," he wrote. "The tears ran down my face. . . . I prayed, when I went to bed that night, to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was. I had never suffered so much before."

In April, 1824, John Dickens came into an inheritance from his mother,

and the debts could be paid at last. The family moved out of the prison, first to stay with Mrs. Roylance, then to Hampstead, before finding a more permanent home in a seedy house in Johnson Street between Camden Town and Somers Town. John Dickens went back to his job at the Navy Pay Office.

With his father working again, Charles felt sure that he would be allowed to go back to school. He waited for something to be said. But nothing was. Charles continued with his hated work. He was not so poor now, for his mother provided him with his dinner, which he carried to the warehouse in a basin tied up in a handkerchief; yet he was "just as solitary and self-dependent as before . . ."

The only real changes were that Warren's, having prospered, had moved to larger, lighter, and less tumbledown premises, and that Charles had become so adept at his work that he and Bob Fagin were set to work together in the light of one of the ground-floor windows, where they were the subject of great interest to the passers-by who collected on the pavement outside to watch.

Charles, no doubt, rather enjoyed being watched at his work, as most boys do when they are performing a task quickly and skillfully. He had always liked showing off, and was always to enjoy playing a part, even in his private relationships. But his father was deeply distressed by this public display of his son's manual dexterity and of his own vicarious disgrace. John quarreled with James Lamert, who told Charles that he could not possibly keep him on.

Instead of being pleased by this longed-for dismissal, however, Charles admitted he "cried very much, partly because it was so sudden, and partly because in his anger [James Lamert] was violent about my father, though gentle to me. Thomas [the foreman] comforted me, and said he was sure it was for the best. With a relief so strange that it was like oppression, I went home."

At home his mother was not at all pleased. More practical than her husband, she realized how foolish it was to quarrel with one of the few people who had done something to help the family in the time of their distress. Besides, who could tell how long her husband would be kept on at the Navy Pay Office, having been in prison for mismanaging his own financial affairs? And in the meantime Charles's weekly wage (recently increased to seven shillings a week) was very useful.

She went to see James Lamert, settled the differences between him and her husband, and persuaded him to take Charles back. This seemed to her son an unforgivable betrayal. "I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back." His father, however, shocked by what he had seen in Warren's window and determined that his family should appear to have regained their former gentility, decided that Charles, instead of going back to work, should go to school again, whether he could afford to send him or not.

And so the blacking warehouse episode was over. His parents never again referred to it, and neither his wife nor his children knew anything about it until after he was dead. "I have no idea how long it lasted; whether for a year, or much more, or less," Dickens wrote in his posthumously published autobiographical notes. Actually it lasted for less than six months. But to the child, overwhelmed by a sense of deprivation, degradation, loneliness, and despair, and having no idea when, if ever, he would be released from his bondage, it obviously seemed interminable. Even when he was released in fact, he was never to be released in spirit. It is not merely that superficial references to boot blacking, to Warren's, to debtors, and to prisons occur repeatedly throughout his work; it is not only that, as most noticeably in *Little Dorrit*, modern society is seen as a prison like the Marshalsea, or in terms of imprisonment like his life at Warren's; it is not only that his books are filled with ill-treated children, misunderstood children, victimized children, and that they do not contain a single example of a completely happy, self-fulfilled child; it is that the very spirit of his imagined world reflects the atmosphere and the experience of those days.

Most of Dickens's heroes begin their lives cut off from other people. Insecure, obliged to make their way in a strange, discordant, threatening world, they try to become accepted by it and become a part of it, to understand it and to understand themselves, and in the meantime they share the sense of deprivation that made Paul Dombey live with "an aching void in his young heart, and all outside so cold, and bare, and strange."

Even Samuel Pickwick feels compelled to conclude that "we are all the victims of circumstances, and I the greatest." For though his adventures are comic, the world in which they take place is essentially a menacing, savage world where only the fittest will survive and the unprotected, the simple, and the good will be treated with indifference if not with cruelty. It is a world in which men live secret lives, in which, as Sairey Gamp says in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "we never know wot's hidden in each other's hearts; and if we had glass winders there, we'd need keep the shutters up, some on us, I do assure you!"

The disquieting sense of being watched in this world, of being spied upon and caught out by gleaming eyes, eager eyes, spying eyes, eyes that stare, inquisitive eyes, which constantly and disturbingly appear, and of being choked or suffocated in a stifling room, or lost in a labyrinth of streets, as in *Oliver Twist*; the images of crumbling riverside houses that totter suddenly into ruin as the houses of Tom-all-Alone's do in *Bleak House* and the Clennams' house does in *Little Dorrit*; the desire to escape from the imprisoning city back to the countryside of innocent childhood, as shown in the *Old Curiosity Shop*; the fascination with

" 'No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support from anyone I can call to mind . . . I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.'"

dirty, muddled, crowded, fungus-laden interiors; the concern with money; the plots that time and again revolve around a family mystery and the dread of its revelation; and, of course, the difficulties of the relationships between parents and their children, which are investigated in novel after novel—all these ideas and symbols and themes that repeatedly occur in Dickens's writing can be interpreted in the light of the traumatic experiences and sufferings of these few months of his thirteenth year.

The novels are far more crowded with orphaned children than the usefulness of having such malleable and pathetic agents in a work of fiction would seem to demand. In *David Copperfield*, for example, Em'ly, Traddles, the Orfling, Mrs. Copperfield, Martha Endell, and Rosa Dartle are all orphans; Agnes and Dora have no mother; Steerforth, Heep, Ham, and Annie Strong, as well as David himself, have no father.

Miserable as orphans are, though, there is a worse state; "not an orphan in the wide world can be so deserted as the child who is an outcast from a living parent's love," Dickens writes in *Dombey and Son.*

Apart from David Copperfield, who is made to go through the same experiences, the most obvious parallel to Charles Dickens, the boy worker, is Oliver Twist, the son of a gentleman, who becomes the escaped workhouse orphan, "a poor houseless, wandering boy, without a friend to help him, or a roof to shelter his head."

Charles was instructed in his warehouse duties by the young, kind Bob Fagin, whose name is borrowed for the old, shriveled Jewish villain who gives Oliver his first lessons in the art of picking pockets. It may well be, as John Bayley has suggested in an essay on *Oliver Twist* that Charles felt about Bob Fagin's benevolent and protective interferences on his behalf much as Oliver felt about the other Fagin whose affection he wants and needs and yet dreads as the greatest threat to his moral existence: "So passionate was the young Dickens's desire for the station in life to which he felt entitled and so terrifying his sense that it was being denied him, that he must have hated the real Fagin for the virtue which he could not bear to accept or recognize in that nightmare world, because it might help to subdue him into it. The real Fagin's kindness became the criminal Fagin's villainy."

While writing *Oliver Twist*, Dickens became so absorbed in his work that it was as though he was experiencing the events he was describing; he began to suffer a recurrence of the feverish spasms of his boyhood illness. Twice he fell ill during the writing of *David Copperfield*, the first time when he was about to begin his description of David in the warehouse. Indeed, throughout his life he was subject, in times of stress, to these agonizing spasms of renal or intestinal colic, that "unspeakable pain in the side."

As he himself knew, the weeks of misery in the blacking warehouse had helped to make him what he was. At the same time he dreaded the thought of having any further physical contact with the place of his degradation. For years he could never bring himself to go near Hungerford Stairs, and rather than pass the warehouse he would make a wide detour. Walking back from Southwark across Blackfriars Bridge to Camden Town, along the streets he had passed after a visit to his father in the Marshalsea, made him cry, even after his eldest child was old enough to speak; and to avoid the smell of the cement that was used on the blacking corks, he would cross the street whenever he drew near a boot-blacking factory.

One of the liveliest and most prolific of England's younger historians, Christopher Hibbert has written twelve books in the past ten years. His thirteenth, The Making of Charles Dickens, *from which this article has been adapted, will be published this autumn by Harper & Row.*

OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS

Are her dances shocking, her morals outrageous, her manners an utter disgrace? In short, is the miniskirted mod just like grandma used to be?

Her skirts are high and inching relentlessly higher, her hair is bobbed and growing shorter, her lips are bee-stung after the fashion of the very latest movie queen. She seems determined to emphasize her boyishness at the expense of once-lush expanses of bust and hip. (It is said that she has not only lost her waist; she sits on it.) Her moral standards and manners shock her elders. She "gives an impression of strength and independence, it is true," one writer complains,

> but she seems cruder, less polished. Her laugh is louder than it used to be. She lacks a certain graciousness, an appealing finesse and poise which characterized her older sister. She is not quite a lady. . . . She has gained something, perhaps, but at the same time she has lost something. And I am sorry.

Consider not the mod girl or the teenybopper. Consider the flapper.

Flapper. The word evokes pictures of moonlight—did she ever exist in the day?—and the safe, small-city society of the upper middle class, of dances at the country club or college fraternity, of stolen exits and embraces in parked cars.

Long before she is out of her teens, she has presumably been kissed almost more times than she cares to remember and is secretly proud of being called a "speed" behind her back: "in a strange town," as Scott Fitzgerald wrote, "it was an advantageous reputation."

But speed is not only a matter of reputation; it has become a way of life. Months are as years to her, and by twenty-one she can look forward to crossing her flapper bar. "The only kick I get out of life any more," the jaded specimen in her early twenties tells a casual paramour of the parking lot, "is driving seventy miles an hour. You love it, too, don't you? . . . You would, of course. You're like me. Mad. All the people worth knowing are a little mad."

Though the word "flapper" is relatively ancient, these connotations were not. Its precise origins are obscure. In seventeenth-century England, apparently, the word "flap" was a synonym for a girl of loose inclinations. The *Oxford English Dictionary* has traced "flapper" as far back as 1773: "a young wild duck, unable to fly." But by the nineteenth century the earlier definition had prevailed. As H. L. Mencken points out, the word is listed in Barrère and Leland's *A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant* (1889) "in the sense of 'a very young girl trained to vice, generally for the amusement of elderly men.' " Gradually the word became respectable; by the time of the Great War it referred to young girls with their hair not yet up. Flapper, Mencken writes in *The American Language*,

> began to be heard in the United States not later than 1910, and it had, from the start, a perfectly unopprobrious signification. It is one of a long series of jocular terms for a young and somewhat foolish girl, full of wild surmises and inclined to revolt against the precepts and admonitions of her elders. *Flapper* soon yielded *flapperhood, flapperdom, flapper age, flapperish* and *flapper vote.* All save the last reached America, but they survived only until *flapper* itself succumbed to various home-brewed terms . . .

The familiar notion is that the flapper was the home-brew of Scott Fitzgerald; the fact that the popular magazines of the time were in the habit of proclaiming him as her "discoverer" may account for it. To the extent that he created the stereotype they were right. Isabelle, the debutante with the "desperate past" in *This Side of Paradise* was the literary original of the flapper:

> Her education or, rather, her sophistication, had been absorbed from the boys who had dangled on her favor; her tact was instinctive, and her capacity for love-affairs was limited only by the number of the susceptible within telephone distance. Flirt smiled from her large black-brown eyes . . .

It is true that many of the characteristics associated with the flapper were in evidence before the beginning of the Jazz Age. But the flapper as we know her came into being about 1920 with the generation that had grown into adolescence during the war. That was the year in which women finally got the vote, and bobbed hair became a national issue along with the Volstead Act and the Ku Klux Klan. Soon after, the skirt went up—an event that was for the new decade at least as memorable as and probably a lot more significant than, say, the

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By ROBERT COWLEY

publication of *Main Street* or the election of Warren G. Harding.

The short skirt and prohibition established the moral tone of the 1920's; jazz, with its "weird barbaric interludes" (Fitzgerald's phrase), set the mood. The whole tempo of life in postwar America seemed to throb with its jerky and brazen rhythms. It was in this infectious sense that a writer for the *Ladies' Home Journal* used the word:

> We walked up Broadway encompassed with a fierce jazz of light, barbaric in color, savage in gyrating motion, stupefying the optic nerves . . . It seemed an appropriate vestibule to the temple of the modern dance. One's mind became suitably muddled, and that without recourse to alcohol. A free narcotic was dispensed to the hurrying thousands of pleasure seekers.
>
> Is there not some connection between incoherence outside and inside? Is not all America a little touched with jazz? . . .

All America *was* a little touched with jazz, and no one more than the flapper. She was the creation of jazz, this kind of jazz, and its perfect expression. Her attitude was put beautifully in one of those now-forgotten imitations of *This Side of Paradise* that were epidemic in the early 1920's. The scene is, inevitably, a dance floor.

"'I never saw anything like it—whole dances in the dark'," exclaims an incredulous young man to his flapper partner. "'Do they keep it that way all evening?'"

"'Oh, no,'" she answers, weaving with her fan an accompaniment to the music. "'They turn 'em on after awhile. It gives you a new sensation, anyway—That's good jazz, I'll tell anyone.'"

"That was it," the author concluded. "Dancers in the dark—in search of a new sensation."

Editorial writers and magazine journalists reserved a special fury for the dancers in the dark and their new sensations. "Does Jazz Put the Sin in Syncopation?" asked Anne Shaw Faulkner (Mrs. Max Oberndorfer), the National Music Chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Obviously it did, as she proceeded to explain in what seems now a delightful bit of camp. "Jazz," Mrs. Oberndorfer maintained, "disorganizes all regular laws and order; it stimulates to extreme deeds, to a breaking away from all rules and conventions; it is harmful and dangerous, and its influence is wholly bad." She even managed to connect jazz with Bolshevism. Mrs. Oberndorfer would have been the first to agree with Bishop Cannon of the Methodist church, who warned that jazz dances brought "the bodies of men and women in unusual relations to each other." But no one quite matched the *Journal* writer who invoked the awful majesty of history. "Jazz," he warned, "is a signboard on the road that was traveled by Greece and Rome":

> Orgies of lewd dancing preceded the downfall of those nations. Once they had been strong and clean, but they became enervated and danced themselves into the abyss. . . . Modern history is full of the dancing softness which has led to the downfall of dynasties, including that of the Russians.

For the most part the flapper and her sheik were oblivious to these expressions of alarm. They seemed to take a positive delight in annoying their elders, sometimes to the point of deliberately manufacturing evidence of their wildness. Occasionally some indignant and earnestly rebellious young man or woman would rise to their generation's defense. One of them—and his response can stand for all the rest—was a Yale graduate named John F. Carter, Jr., who, in the summer of 1920, told his side of things in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was small wonder, Carter maintained, that his contemporaries were so disillusioned and acted so outrageously; look at the shambles of a world that had been passed on to them. But their actions were their own affair and their earned right. "Our music is distinctly barbaric, our girls are distinctly *not* a mixture of arbutus and barbed-wire. We drink when we can and what we can, we gamble, we are extravagant . . ." Variations of Carter's argument would be heard throughout the decade. "Civilizations," wrote Joseph Wood Krutch, as late as 1929, "die from philosophical calm, irony and the sense of fair play quite as surely as they die of debauchery."

The flapper and her sheik took themselves and their rebellion seriously—so seriously that they left themselves open to travesties such as the one perpetrated by Warner Fabian in *Flaming Youth*. (Its author was better known as Samuel Hopkins Adams.) The pseudonymous potboiler, which created a mild flurry when it appeared in 1923, tells of the trials, temptations, and titillations—mostly the latter—of three debutante sisters. It makes hilarious reading, filled as it is with the abandoned stereotypes of Our Dancing Daughters: wild parties, prohibition gin, nude swimming, and sexually emancipated flapper heroines who are (again, in the words of Fitzgerald) "seduced without being ruined." In one notable passage the author discourses on the problem of cultivating the flapper intellect—and, for a moment, *Flaming Youth* comes as close to the truth as young Mr. Carter:

> For the most part she elects to be calmly careless, slovenly of speech and manner, or lightly impudent. To have good breeding at call but not to waste it on most people—that is the cachet of her set . . . Any book spoken of under the breath has for her the stimulus of a race; she must absorb it first and look knowing and demure when it is mentioned. The age of sex . . . Her standards of casual reading are of like degree; she considers *Town Topics* [a notorious society scandal sheet] an important chronicle and *Vanity Fair* a symposium of pure intellect . . . She hardly knows the names of the great scientists. . . . she doubtless would identify Lister as one who achieved fame by inventing a mouth wash. However, she could at once tell you the name of the fashionable physician to go to for a nervous breakdown . . . From what Pat indicates of the tittle-tattle of ingénues' luncheons, it would enlighten Rabelais and shock Pepys!

Meanwhile the flapper was growing older, the party was getting wilder, and her demands were no longer so innocent as those of the teen-age Isabelles. It was her mission to carry the dare beyond girlhood. At the end of *Flaming Youth* the heroine's eyes darken, brood, dream, and grow prophetic as she warns her fiance and recent seducer, "But, oh Cary, darling! . . . As a husband you'll have to be a terribly on-the-job lover. There are so many men in the world!"

Could history possibly repeat?

This article is part of an anthology on the twenties edited by Robert and Malcolm Cowley. The book will be published by Scribner's.

GO

Forget the bluff tactics
of poker,
the medieval strategy
of chess.
The game to learn these days
is the
Oriental game of Go

About four thousand years ago a warlike Chinese emperor called Yau (or, according to dissenting authorities, another warlike Chinese emperor called Shun) invented the game of Go. Doubtless trying out crafty military tactics with pieces of stone arranged on a plank of wood, he soon developed his idea into a formalized game that in the ensuing centuries has kept billions of Orientals happy and quiet for hours, sometimes days, on end.

Chess, also of Oriental origin, is normally regarded as the classic war game: indeed, it is not hard to see the military comparisons—with the pawns, those cheap scouts and disposable cannon fodder, driven on from behind by a ponderous king surrounded by his variously versatile court. That, at least, is the way wars used to be waged.

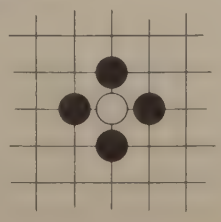
Today, kings and queens in real life are thinning out; cavalry, despite their knightlike ability to leap over obstacles, are not to be found in the best armies; the humble infantryman, slogging forward one square at a time, is an anachronism. War today is not chess; war, as fought in Vietnam for example, is Go.

Go is essentially a game of surrounding, of isolating, of capturing an area and imprisoning all the enemy therein; a game of threat and counterthreat, of infiltration, of communications cutting, of the swift and unexpected parachute drop. If chess is a battle, Go is an entire war, with pockets of action going on at several different points of the board simultaneously. You think you are doing fine around Quang Ngai, and suddenly you observe your opponent developing a beastly plot against your territory near Danang.

In Go, encirclement is all, and its strategy seems to govern the subconscious thinking of Oriental militarists. In September, 1965, Marshall Lin Piao wrote a fifty-thousand-word article on the subject of global war, pointing out that Chinese support of revolution in underdeveloped countries was just a step toward the eventual encirclement of America and western Europe. At the same time he commented on Mao's theory that rural revolutionary base-areas must be established so that cities can be surrounded from the countryside. Any Go player who has watched his secure little group of men gradually threatened by encroaching guerillas will know just how this feels.

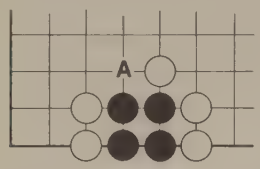
Go is now played more in Japan than in China. The equipment for the game, which is played by 10 per cent of the hundred million Japanese, is as simple as can be: one flat board, squared by nineteen lines each way; one hundred and eighty white counters; one hundred and eighty-one black counters. (The total, they say, equals the number of days in the year. Actually . . . Oh well, never mind.) The pieces are shaped like small, fat buttons. You go on placing them on the board until neither of the two players can make another valid move. You place the men on the intersections of the lines, not in the squares, as with chess and checkers. You make no *moves*: play consists only of placing men on the board, encircling an area, and removing enemy prisoners.

The basic prisoner-taking situation works like this:

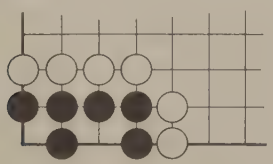


By J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

This results in the capture of the white piece, which is removed from the board. The vacant area has been conquered by Black. Often a great number of prisoners are taken in one operation:



By placing one soldier at point A, White can capture all the enclosed black men. (The edge of the board is more or less the equivalent of the sea.) A group can keep "alive" if there are two breathing spaces, or *eyes*, open in the ranks. White cannot play in either spot without being captured. If Black is unwise enough to play in one, White can play in the other and claim capture of the whole lot. So Black leaves the position as shown, and the battle stops in that part of the country—with White having a decided advantage.



Go is to Japan as baseball is to America or cricket to England. There are massive collections of Go proverbs ("There are times when even a fight over nothing means something.") There are Go professionals, Go magazines, Go championships. When a big game is being waged between two leading players, the moves in the contest are televised, and on boards in cafés and at street corners each new move is reproduced, its subtleties and future implications to be marveled over—and argued about—by passers-by.

Writers on Go can earn a more-than-respectable living once they have mastered the particular journalese of their profession: "Now the clouds are gathering in to inundate the valley"; "Black's three moves comprise an ideal, masculine pattern." The technical instructions seem complicated at first, even though there's always a helpful diagram: "Black 2 and 4 comprise a frequently employed *tsuke-hiki* pattern. Should White resort to a *katetsugi* move by occupying 5, Black is advised to occupy the *san-san* point in the corner position. Black 6, moreover, is an extremely exquisite move, inasmuch as it helps defend Black's corner position from a possible *uchikomi* by White."

For many centuries excellence in Go tactics has been a ready recommendation for promotion in the Japanese business world and in the armed forces. Indeed, in the seventeenth century they started a National Academy of Go from which generals and admirals had to graduate to prove their mastery of war strategy. The game is still avidly played, as an extracurricular activity, in Oriental war colleges today.

You can learn the three essential rules in five minutes—and then spend a lifetime working your way up toward proficiency. Go players are graded, as in judo, by *dans,* ninth *dan* being the highest. Top player of all is given the title of Hon-inbo, from the unbeatable player of that name who lived three hundred years ago.*

No Occidental player has ever got anywhere near stardom. When in 1966 a middle-grade (fifth-*dan*) Japanese professional visited America, he played nine simultaneous games against New York's best players, and gave them all a handicap. He lost only twice. To become a first-class player, it is best to start within a few years of learning to walk, and then to play, with a suitable handicap, against as good a player as you can find. Until the start of the last war, Go was hardly played outside Japan, Korea, and China; but curiously enough, in recent years, while the Japanese have been taking up bridge and golf with nearly as much skill as energy, the British and Americans have been plunging into Go. Takashimaya, a Japanese department store in New York, sells half a dozen six-dollar sets a day. Every large city has its Go circle: the American Go Association, founded about 1933, numbers twenty clubs and six hundred players, and there are at least a hundred thousand unaffiliated players. One American woman, a computer programmer, took the trouble to learn Japanese so that she could read technical Go books in the original. So far, Bell Laboratories and IBM are the only large corporations that have Go teams. Go is not part of the curriculum at West Point or the Harvard Business School—not yet. But various pundits, admittedly Go buffs themselves, have forecast that the game will oust chess to become the leading intellectual game for men who have IQ's between 110 and 190.

As a keen and (so many friends say) ruthless competitor in any indoor contest from ticktacktoe to Scrabble, I became eager to find out what there was about Go that could appeal to so many people for forty centuries. I wrote to the secretary of the Nippon Club in London to ask if anyone could help me, and a few days later I played my first game of Go with Mr. Takizawa, the London representative of a Tokyo import-export firm.

Mr. Takizawa is in his thirties, but since he took the game up only a couple of years ago, he belongs to no *dan* at all. He volunteered to give up some of his working hours to play with me. I met him at his office in Finsbury Square at one o'clock on a Saturday. After lunch we went to the Nippon Club, which commands a fine situation on the Thames Embankment. Upstairs, Mr. Takizawa ordered tea and got out the board, while I pondered a huge notice on the wall that was all in Japanese characters except for the solitary word "adjust" somewhere about the second paragraph.

The board was not one of the best, just a plain slab of exotic-looking wood a couple of inches thick and about twenty inches square. It couldn't have cost more than five or six dollars. Mr. Takizawa lowered his nose to the wood "Is not *kaya*," he said. "No smell."

*Hon-inbo-Sansa, the first great champion, left a number of *waka* (thirty-one-syllable) poems for Go players to ponder, including this scrutable precept: "Ridiculous indeed is he who forgets to consider *his* shortcomings while he points out those of others.

Kaya, I learned later, is the Japanese name for the fetid yew, which gives off a noxious odor pleasing to Go players. The best sort of *kaya* board, six inches thick and mounted on short, ritualistically carved legs, can cost as much as nine hundred dollars, including the black counters carved from heavy gray slate, and the whites from shells of specially bred clams. The same game, when played in Korea, is called Pa-tok, and the hollow board, which incorporates an arrangement of hidden strings, gives off a musical sound each time a stone is played. It must be very distracting.

"I give you nine stones," said Mr. Takizawa. "Thank you," I said, bowing slightly. (Nine stones at the start of the game constitute the biggest handicap the game allows.) I started to arrange nine black stones to encircle a useful chunk of territory. "No, please," advised Mr. Takizawa. "You must put them there, and there, and . . . ," he said, pointing to nine darkened spots at the intersections of certain of the lines. "Here is where you put handicap stones." In four thousand years of play these points have been found to be the most effective, and I obeyed, arranging my nine stones in a square.

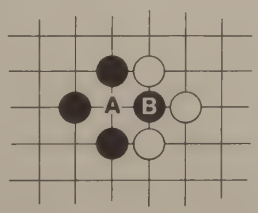
"I commence," said Mr. Takizawa, taking a white stone and slapping it firmly down about halfway between two of my handicaps. I placed a black —fairly craftily I thought—next to his stone, with the subtle idea of eventually pinning him down at the edge of the board. It wasn't a good move, apparently, and he counseled me to start another operation in the opposite corner of the board, away up near Hanoi or somewhere. By joining up my scattered forces I could quickly encircle and control quite a large area of country, but Mr. Takizawa made a quick parachute drop just where I'd planned to create a solid, invincible stronghold. "Aha! Now I cut your communications," he said. In an effort to surround and remove him, I placed a stone to the landward side of his last play. He smiled politely, exposing a complete set of gold teeth. "That move is very meaningless. You should go here now. See, if you stay there, then I do this, and you do that, and I do this, and those black stones are in *great peril*."

Gradually I got the hang of the guerilla tactics involved, and my very meaningless plays became less frequent. We reached some kind of deadlock in one corner, with Mr. Takizawa clearly in a commanding position but just unable to bring about my total surrender because of my two *eyes*. In another corner, thanks largely to my immense handicap, I had complete mastery, and even captured five of his white stones in one brief and bloody skirmish. In yet another area Mr. Takizawa took one of my stones by surrounding it with four of his. After a few moments' study I saw that by putting down one of mine, I could take the last white he had placed. I did so.

"No," said Mr. Takizawa, pained at my ignorance. "That is *ko*."

"*Ko?*"

He explained to me about the *ko* situation, which necessitates about the only artificial rule in the game. Here is the simplest *ko* position, and the one that we were in:



Obviously, the game could go on forever in this way: White plays at A and takes Black, Black plays at B and takes White, White plays at A, etc. So there has to be a rule that the second player, faced with a *ko* position, make one play elsewhere, and of course this gives his opponent time, if he wishes, to seal up the hole.

"If you do not do something good soon, you will lose all those thirteen stones," said Mr. Takizawa sadly. I did something soon, but something bad, and within a couple of moves he was picking up a fistful of my army and dumping them unceremoniously on the table. In another section of the fighting, at a loss to embarrass my opponent by stealth, I shut my eyes and dropped a black stone at random. For ten minutes there was no sound from Mr. Takizawa except a heavy and worried breathing.

"That is *very* good play, *very* meaningful," he hissed. I blushed. It had been immediately obvious to him, although not to me, that his situation in one entire quarter of the board was completely hopeless; he did not risk any more troops by playing there again. All the same, it *was* obvious to me that Mr. Takizawa was gaining ascendancy wherever we had clashes—a square or two here, a stone or two there—although he was making little of the central portion that was more or less enclosed by my nine handicap stones.

"There, we cannot play more," he said, after I had concentrated for two hours. (Top players in important matches sometimes battle on for twelve or more hours.) "Now we score." Heavy at heart, as I visualized my ignominious defeat, I helped him fill in the *dame* positions, empty spaces not vital to either side, and then we each took the prisoners we had captured and used them to fill in the holes in the territory held by that color.

Then, with a calculating series of maneuvers that my simple Occidental brain could not follow, Mr. Takizawa moved everything around rather quickly and transformed the areas controlled by each of us into trim rectangles. I wondered, bitterly, how much he would beat me by.

"Very good," said Mr. Takizawa graciously. "You have win. Eighty-nine to forty-five."

I must say, I felt rather surprised, rather as President Johnson would if Ho Chi Minh sent him a message that it had been a great game—but that a seven-stone handicap would be quite enough next time.

J. A. Maxtone Graham, a British writer, is especially partial to the game of whist.

POSTERS

One of the oldest forms of disposable art, the poster is now saved, collected, even exhibited. This portfolio shows why

A poster, normally, is not meant to last, although posters have been excavated from the ruins of Pompeii. A poster is pasted on a lamppost or tacked on a wall, and left to the ravages of time. It is designed to sell something—a political candidate, a product, tickets for a performance—something more or less transitory. Lately, however, posters are enjoying a longer life and certainly a great deal more attention. More daring—and more fun—than they have ever been before, posters in America are now being exhibited in museums, sold in reputable bookstores, and even displayed in private houses. A passion for posters has taken hold, and some of the nation's best artists have turned their hand to producing them.

To explain why this should be so would require, perhaps, the perception of an all-knowing sociologist. One factor, however, must surely be the crumbling of the national "consensus" on art, on politics, on taste itself. For if posters have a special virtue, it is, perhaps, that they can cater to every taste; they can speak for any group and can capture the excitement of the most evanescent trend. As an introduction to the lively new world of poster art, HORIZON reproduces some of the most notable posters of the day in a special foldout section beginning on the opposite page.

The hawk-faced youth with the striking vegetal hair opposite is singer Bob Dylan, looking like a genie sprung from a Louis Tiffany lamp. Designed to accompany a new Dylan record album, it is the work of Milton Glaser, whose posters have the distinction of being in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art. The Art Nouveau style, which Glaser adapts for a double poster of Mahalia Jackson (2), is being revived by poster artists and used for a wild variety of purposes. Certainly the spirit of Art Nouveau is plainly discernible in the lushly lettered lady who reclines across the center of the foldout (3). This painted odalisque, a poster in herself, was photographed and blown up into a five-foot-long advertisement for the 46th Annual Art Directors Club Show last winter. It is the work of a versatile young designer named Tom Daly, who used grease paint and plastic pigment for his poster girl.

At bottom left in the foldout is a photograph of the late W. C. Fields (4). Blown up to nine square feet, it is one of many "personality posters," now on sale; Mao Tse-tung (14) is another, considered by some to stand with Fields as an enemy of respectability. To the right of Fields is a fine example of the "psychedelic" poster (5) created by the originator and master of the psychedelic form, a twenty-nine-year-old San Francisco philosophy student named Robert Wesley Wilson. It advertises a folk-rock concert at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium, and the fans apparently understand Wilson's message without having to decipher the barely legible print. Poster number ten is another of Wilson's psychedelic works for the Fillmore Auditorium. The Op poster (13) is also by Wilson.

The Chiquita brand banana from the United Fruit Company (6) was recently enlarged into a four-foot-high poster symbol; banana peels, baked and smoked, are considered by some an inexpensive means of achieving "mind expansion." The rose-bearing lady vibrating to the music of the Blues Project (7) adorns a poster advertising yet another concert at Fillmore Auditorium. The artist is Victor Moscoso, a serious painter who also teaches at the San Francisco Art Institute. Batman in vigorous action (8) is actually a poster standing more than three feet high. Posters nine and eleven belong in what has justly been termed the "art poster" category. "Love" is the work of Robert Indiana; like many other posters by serious artists, it advertises a gallery opening—in this case his own. Poster eleven, by Nicholas Krushenick, could itself be hung in the exhibition it advertises. Indeed, a New York store known as The Poster Center now sells these and similar art posters for prices ranging from five to twenty-five dollars. The poster of an Indian eating rye bread has appeared on billboards all over New York City, and, like any good poster, is self-explanatory.

On the last page of the portfolio appears an explosive poster advertising the avant-garde publication *Evergreen Review* (15). It brashly parodies the "Pepsi-Generation" motif with an effervescent picture of that most un-Pepsilike notable, bearded poet Allen Ginsberg. In the world of posters nothing is sacred.

W.K.

(FOLDOUT: DO NOT TEAR, SPINDLE, OR MUTILATE) →

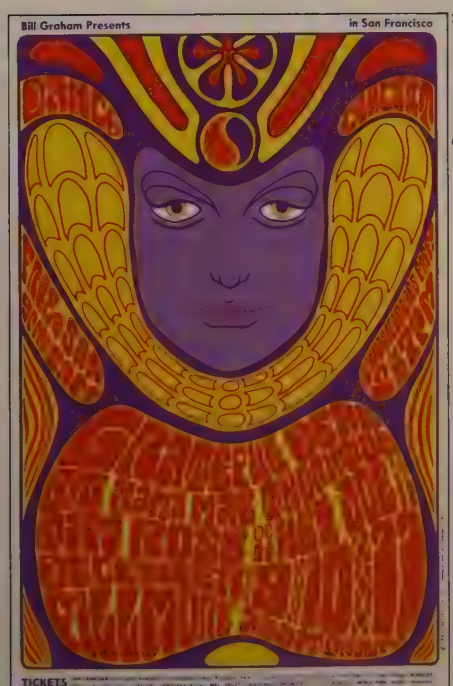
COURTESY COLUMBIA RECORDS

Al Keys Presents

G. Keys Presents

3.

PERSONALITY POSTERS

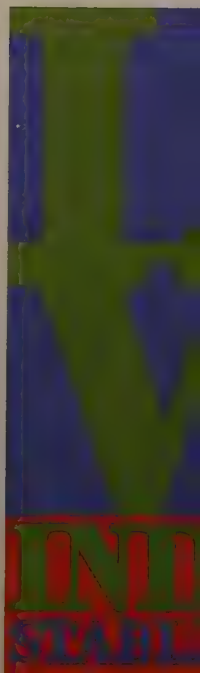


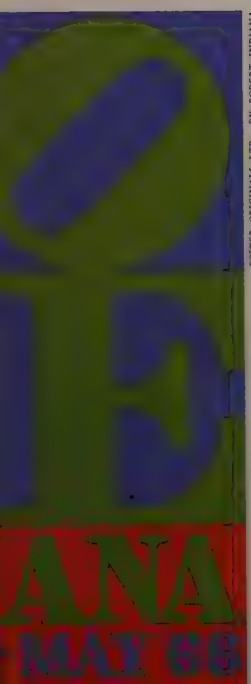
© WES WILSON, 1966

ANNUAL
NEW YORK
ART

BERKELEY BUNAPARTE, P.O. BOX 1250, BERKELEY, CAL. 94701

NONSENSE! THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS--UHH!
© 1967 NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.

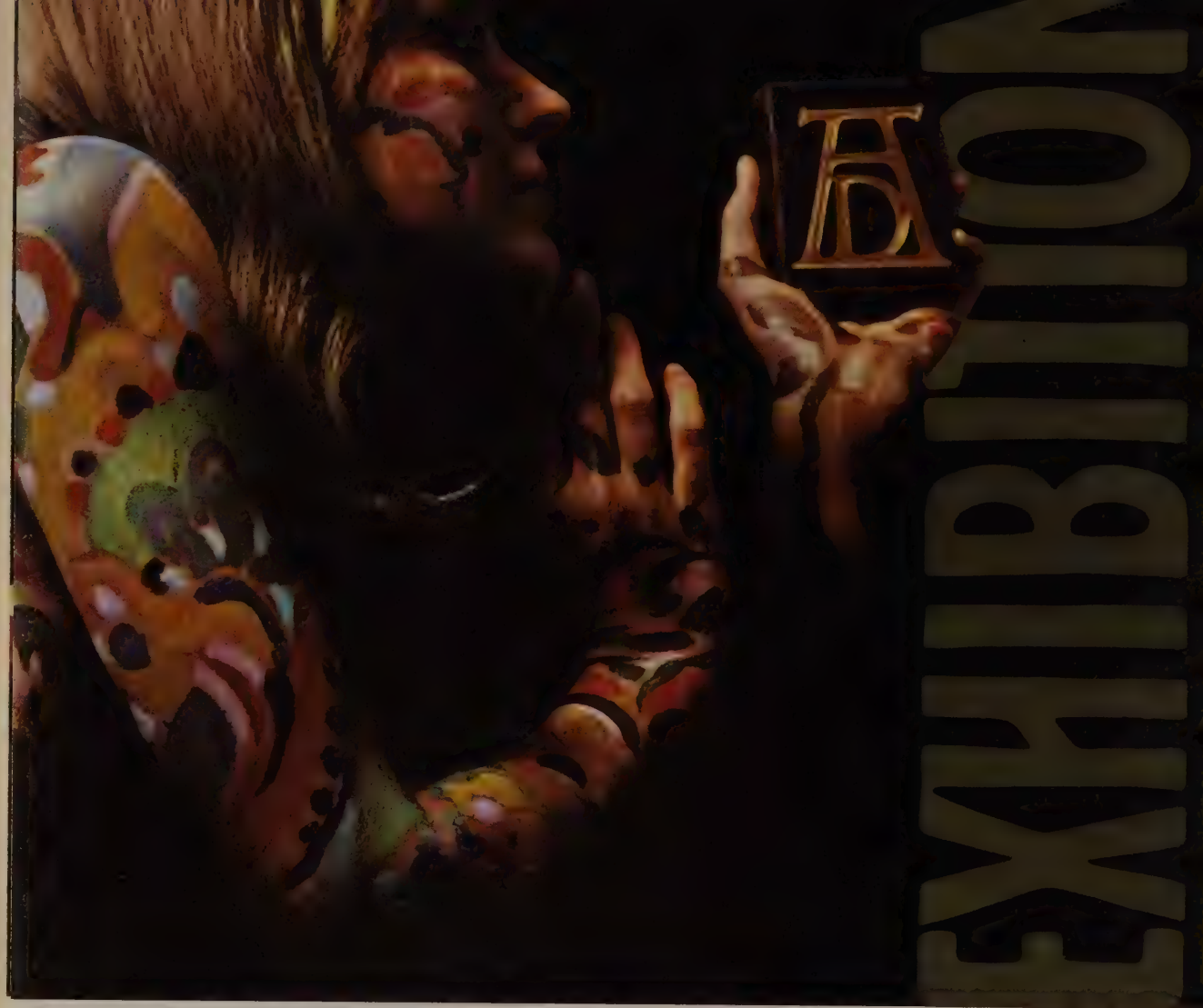




POSTER ORIGINALS LTD., BY ROBERT INDIANA

WES WILSON '66

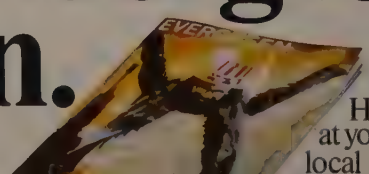
POSTER ORIGINALS LTD., BY NICHOLAS KRUSHENICK



ARTIST: TOM DALY, ART DIRECTOR: BOB REED, PHOTOGRAPHER: KEN HARRIS

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE FILM *Chappaqua* BY CONRAD ROOKS, POSTER © 1966 *Evergreen Review*, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF *Evergreen Review*

Join the Underground Generation.



Holler Evergreen
at your
local newsstand.

Was America A Mistake?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

ica who were doomed by Nature to inferiority; it was the Europeans as well. Clearly Spain was on the decline, in the Old World and in the New. The Creoles of Louisiana were enervated in mind as in body. Even the English —this was in the earlier editions— "had visibly degenerated." Had Nature punished them for colonizing in this unwelcome world?

The conclusion of this elaborate investigation was harsh but inescapable: the discovery of America *had* been a mistake. Far better had Columbus never lifted the veil that had so long hidden this world from the greedy eyes of the East; far better had the conquistadors failed in their campaigns against the Aztecs and the Incas; far better had Cabot and Verrazano and Henry Hudson and all the other intrepid navigators found a watery grave in those oceans that had so long guarded the Western world and "served it in the office of a wall."

That was certainly the conclusion of Raynal's first edition, in 1770, and of the second as well, published a few years later. Then came the French alliance and the triumph of the Americans. Did that persuade the Abbé to change his tune? In part, yes, but only in part; only for the English settlements in the New World. As if to flaunt his independence of the vicissitudes of history, he now, in the very year of the battle of Yorktown, made explicit what before had been implicit.

"Let us stop here," he wrote in his concluding chapter, "and consider ourselves as existing at the time when America and India were unknown. Let me suppose that I address myself to the most cruel of the Europeans in the following terms. There exist regions which will furnish thee with rich metals, agreeable clothing, and delicious food. But read this history, and behold at what price the discovery is promised to thee. Dost thou wish or not that it should be made? Is it to be imagined that there exists a being infernal enough to answer this question in the affirmative? Let it be remembered, that there will not be a single instant in futurity, when my question will not have the same force."

But even as he was penning this final chapter of his *History*, he decided to reopen the whole question. The Academy down at Lyons had honored him with membership, and now he rewarded it by establishing a prize for an essay on the question he had already answered so conclusively. "Was the discovery of America a blessing or a curse to mankind? If it was a blessing, by what means are we to conserve and enhance its benefits? If it was a curse, by what means are we to repair the damage?"

But there was more here than met the eye, for no evidence exists that Raynal himself cared a fig about America. As for those who answered his question, what they cared about was clearly not the New World, hardly even the Old World, but quite simply their own world. America was merely a kind of stalking-horse for their own domestic problems. There is nothing surprising about this. Half a century later the magisterial Tocqueville was to admit that "in America, I saw more than America"; and the phrase might serve for almost the whole body of European commentary on the New World over a period of two centuries.

Doubtless, at the beginning, the problem of America had been genuine enough. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with what wonder, what incredulity, did Europe look upon this strange new world. Where had it been all these centuries? Why had Providence seen fit to conceal it from the rest of mankind? Whence came its people, strange of color and of tongue and of faith or, stranger still, wholly lacking in faith? They were all descendants of Adam, they were all children of Noah; how, then, had they come to these distant shores? Were they descendants of the Canaanites, fleeing before Joshua? Were they Phoenicians who had sailed westward from Tyre and Sidon through the Gates of Hercules? Were they the remnants of the lost tribes of Israel? Had they come from Asia, perhaps making their way across Siberia to western America, or drifting across the Pacific from China? Were they refugees from the lost Atlantis that had been swallowed up in some prehistoric catastrophe? Or perhaps Noah himself had planted a colony on the shores of Brazil. Perhaps— audacious thought—they were preadamites, a special creation; that would explain much otherwise enveloped in mystery.

How could one explain this new world of monsters and of wonders? How explain the Patagonian giants who were eight feet tall and could sweep aside seven Spaniards with a single swing of their arms? Or the hermaphrodites of the jungles, the Amazons, the men with one leg, the men with their heads on their chests, and the men with faces of dogs? Or the poisonous snakes that swung from tree to tree, the swarms of venomous insects that attacked like an army, the frogs that bellowed like bulls? How explain the prodigies of geography: deserts that stretched for two thousand miles into infinity, no doubt; mountains that soared fifty miles into the clouds; vast swamps and marshes with their noxious fumes? How explain a world that was unlike any world man had ever known, people unlike any of recorded history?

In time Europe came to terms with America. The Patagonians were cut down to size; and the hermaphrodites, the Amazons, the men with heads like dogs disappeared from most accounts. In time the conquistadors and the settlers even accepted the notion that the Indians might have souls, though they were reluctant to accept the implications of that notion. Indeed, the process of transforming degenerate natives into noble savages was already under way in the seventeenth century, and

so, too, was that shift in the center of interest from Spanish to English America. But these things took time. Of more than six hundred articles in the great *Encyclopédie* dealing with America, less than forty touched on British America, and when the Comte de Buffon wrote of the New World in his *Histoire Naturelle* he confined himself almost entirely to the America that lay west and south of the Caribbean.

No scientist was more distinguished than the Comte de Buffon, and none was so imperial. Others had explained one aspect of nature or another; all nature—the earth, the skies, the seas, the animal kingdom, and the mineral—yielded its secrets to Buffon. He was so great that when he and Nature differed, Nature gave way. When he walked in his garden he could contemplate a statue of himself, and when he considered the history of science, he concluded that he, and he alone, ranked with Bacon and Newton. Princes made pilgrimages to his château at Montbard, in Burgundy; Jean Jacques Rousseau worshiped him as the very incarnation of Nature.

Now Buffon set himself to accounting for the backwardness of America. It was in truth a new world, Buffon maintained, for it had emerged later from the Flood than had the other continents; perhaps it had experienced a series of floods. Only now were the waters draining away from the marshes, only now was the sun breaking through the dense forests to the sorry earth below. "In this abandoned condition everything languishes, corrupts, and proves abortive. The air and the earth, overloaded with humid and noxious vapors, are unable to purify themselves, or to profit by the influence of the sun, who darts in vain his most enlivening rays upon this frigid mass."

All is miserable, nature is wretched: the new world is taken over by reptiles and insects; animal life is feeble; man himself is no exception.

"Man is no exception." That was the principle at which this greatest of naturalists had arrived. Listen to his verdict on the American Indian: "In the savage the organs of generation are small and feeble. He has no hair, no beard, no ardor for the female. Though nimbler than the European because more accustomed to running, his strength is not so great. His sensations are less acute, and yet he is more cowardly and timid. He has no vivacity, no activity of mind. It is easy to discover the cause of the scattered life of savages, and of their estrangement from society. They have been refused the most precious spark of nature's fire . . . their heart is frozen, their society cold, their empire cruel. . . . They are indifferent because they are weak, and this indifference to the sex is the original stain which disgraces nature, prevents her from expanding, and by destroying the germs of life, cuts the root of society."

Did these animadversions apply to Europeans as well? Were they, too, condemned by nature to feebleness, futility, and degeneration? Buffon was not prepared to be dogmatic about this question; some centuries hence, he predicted, when the American marshes had been drained and the forests felled and the land brought under cultivation, things might be very different.

There was no animus in all this. When, in a few years, Buffon learned (from Franklin, of course) that the English colonists in America had drained the swamps and felled the trees, when he studied the flora and fauna that Americans shipped over for his inspection, when he contemplated the elk that General Sullivan had sent over from the forests of Maine, and the beaver and the panther and the eagle that Jefferson had found for him, he confessed himself mistaken, and what was more, wrote a supplement to his *Histoire Naturelle* just to make amends.

No so with the Abbé Corneille de Pauw. He was full of malice, and he did indeed mean to attack America, though his motives remain a mystery. The amiable Franklin said he was "ill-informed and malignant," the Italian Giovanni Carli called his *Philosophical Investigations of the Americans* (1768) a "dream book." Certainly de Pauw did write without fear and without research, but who did not in that day when history was philosophy teaching by examples?

> **". . . the surface of the earth was overrun with serpents and lizards, toads and rats; the air was filled with monstrous bats and insects that spread disease and death."**

America, de Pauw contended, was a recent creation and was only now emerging from the pangs of its creation. No wonder it was as yet unfit for human habitation; no wonder its miserable denizens, spread thin over this immense and forbidding territory, were primitive and degenerate. The air was unwholesome, the soil poisonous, and the vegetation infected; the surface of the earth was overrun with serpents and lizards, toads and rats; the air was filled with monstrous bats and insects that spread disease and death. The men, climbing down from those elevations where they had taken refuge from the Flood into "vast prairies still covered with slough and slime," were enervated by the vapors of the earth and the humidity of the air. The same climate and soil that condemned the natives to degeneracy condemned the Europeans who had the ill fortune to sail to the New World.

You could ignore de Pauw, and as for Raynal, you never knew where he stood. But what are you to say to Dr. William Robertson, Rector of the University of Edinburgh and the greatest historian since David Hume? Alas, Dr. Robertson had picked up the Buffon-Raynal thesis and incorporated it into his monumental *History of America*, which was published in 1777, the year

of Saratoga. The soil was thin and sterile, he said; vast swamps covered millions of acres of the interior; animals in the New World were visibly inferior and so, too, were the men. The very principle of life was less active and vigorous in the New World than in the Old. Certainly all this would have interested the Scotch-Irish along the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but perhaps they were too busy fighting Indians and founding commonwealths to read Dr. Robertson.

With every argument, with every pamphlet, with every book, it became clear that the debate on America was really part of a series of debates that had long agitated European philosophers. With each passing year it became increasingly clear that those who took sides on the problem of America were really using the New World as a kind of stalking-horse for their own battles, campaigns, and crusades.

What were the great controversies in which America found itself involved?

First, America was inextricably involved in the controversy between the champions of nature and those of civilization. Rousseau had announced that nature was good and society evil. Natural man was virtuous, innocent and wise; he was even noble. But civilization meant wretched and miserable cities and a countryside going to waste; it meant luxury and poverty side by side; it meant tyrannical government, vast armies and navies and colonies and perpetual wars; it meant the Church, the priestcraft, the Inquisition—that was civilization.

Yet how confusing it all was. Consider Voltaire, after all, whose *Candide* was one of the heaviest literary blows launched against the pretensions of society. Yet clearly Voltaire was on the side of civilization rather than of nature. So, too, were most of the Encyclopedists. In England Horace Walpole was never happy away from the court and the salons, and Dr. Johnson was never happy away from London. And how interesting that few of them had any real interest in America. Voltaire, to be sure, celebrated an imaginary Quaker paradise in Pennsylvania. But mostly they regarded the New World as something of a bore.

Nevertheless, Nature was coming into her own at last. Even Voltaire could not resist her: Did not *Candide* end with the observation "we must cultivate our garden"? Now romanticism was challenging the claims of rationalism, with America as a prize exhibit. The controversy over the New World was part of the larger issue dividing romanticism and rationalism. The Enlightenment, which exalted order, classification, and common sense, looked with suspicion on an America that was wild, impetuous, and disorderly; on animals that were strange and exotic and did not fit into the great chain of being; on vast shaggy forests, rivers that were like lakes, and lakes that were like oceans; on savages who were primitive but claimed to be noble; on societies that did not acknowledge order and degree.

> '... the romantics saw a different America, an America where the savage was indeed noble ... where the inhabitants were simple and virtuous and wise."

But the romantics saw a different America, an America where the savage was indeed noble, where the landscape was no longer wild or primitive but had been tamed into a pastoral stage setting, where the inhabitants were simple and virtuous and wise. They were ready, like the dashing Irish exile Lord Fitzgerald, to cast their lot with the Indians; like Albert Gallatin to abandon Geneva for the wilds of Pennsylvania; like Crèvecoeur to find happiness in tilling the soil of some frontier farm. There were so many of these refugees from civilization—living in the woods of Maine, or wandering along the Ohio frontier painting the hundreds of birds of that rich country or setting up a Utopia in some American wilderness.

America was involved in still another controversy besides that between nature and civilization, and romanticism and rationalism. It was deeply involved in the controversy between the physiocrats, who believed that nature was the only proper source of wealth, and the mercantilists. Mercantilism was irretrievably committed to worldwide trade, commerce, cities, manufactures, colonies, empire, and—unavoidably—war. It drained the New World of precious metals that played hob with the economy of the Old. It caught up thousands of virtuous young men and sent them off to distant continents to waste away their lives fighting for trivial causes in futile wars or trading in some obscure factory for useless luxuries, joined in unholy union with some dark-hued stranger.

True happiness, the physiocrats maintained, was not to be found in colonies or in trade, in wealth or in luxury; true happiness was to be found in cultivating the soil, and true wealth as well. And where do you find such happiness but in America? Europeans, wrote Brissot de Warville, "will see here [he was writing of Pennsylvania] a country where the desires of their hearts will be realized, a land which speaks to them in their own language. The happiness for which they have longed does in truth exist."

There was still another thread in this tangled skein of argument about America, and doubtless it was the most important of all. To attack or to defend America was a way of criticizing the evils of government and economy and society in the Old World. It was a risky business, in that century of censorship and the Bastille and the Inquisition, to attack king or law or Church head-on; even a Buffon, even a Voltaire, even a Diderot, had to watch himself. But what could not be done directly might be done by indirection, by innuendo, and by contrast. So Montesquieu wrote

his *Persian Letters* and Goldsmith his *Letters from a Citizen of the World* and Diderot his *Supplement to Bougainville* and Voltaire *Candide*.

But for purposes of European argument America was far better than any of these. It was not imaginary; it was real. If you wanted to attack the slave trade, you could attack slavery in America; if you wanted to hold up religion or the Church or the Inquisition to scorn, what could be better than to recite the history of their misdeeds in America; if you wanted to prove that trade and commerce and colonies were all part of a violation of the natural order of things, there was America to prove your point. With America you could prove almost anything.

> "By now it was clear that those who asked, Was America a mistake? were not really talking about America; they were talking about the Old World . . . about the corruptions and misfortunes that afflicted their own societies."

By now the confusion was almost inextricable. By now it was clear that those who asked, Was America a mistake? were not really talking about America; they were talking about the Old World, about nature and civilization, mercantilism and physiocracy, about the corruptions and misfortunes that afflicted their own societies. And when they did turn to America, they could never quite make up their minds which America it was they were writing about. Was it America before the coming of Columbus—an America abandoned to savagery? Was it America south of the Caribbean, or perhaps north of the Great Lakes? an America of jungle and desert, or of mountains and frozen lakes? Was it Spanish America, or Portuguese, or French, or English? Or was it perhaps an imaginary America, a lost Atlantis, a Utopia, a second India, destined never to satisfy the hopes and longings of its inventors and its interpreters.

But let us listen to the debate as it enters a new and more acrimonious phase, as it shifts from the broad arguments of degeneracy to the specific arguments of corruption, from impotence to guilt, from nature to man. Alas, most of those who competed for the Abbé Raynal's prize, or for a similar prize offered by the Académie des Jeux Floraux in Toulouse, did not quite realize the implications of this shift. Buffon, after all, had said all there was to say about nature in the New World, and Raynal had said pretty much all there was to say about the sins of omission and of commission of its native inhabitants and its conquerors. What was left for the critics and the malcontents but variations on familiar themes? No wonder an air of monotony broods over all the arguments.

Here they are, in pamphlet after pamphlet; almost all of them intone the same litanies, and there is no need for us to indulge them in their repetitiousness. Let us rather organize and summarize their arguments.

The conclusion, as it turned out, was usually the point of departure. The discovery of America was a mistake and a tragedy. Consider the price of conquest. Twenty million dead—that was the figure most commonly given—whole islands and countries depopulated by murder, by starvation, by disease; great civilizations wiped out, the civilizations of the Incas and the Aztecs. But it was not only the New World that suffered. The conquest of America depopulated the Old World as well, draining away the boldest and most enterprising of the young men. No wonder the populations of Spain and Portugal barely held their own throughout the eighteenth century! And it was not the colonizing enterprises that drained Europe of her population and her strength but the interminable wars into which the contest for the New World plunged almost every European nation.

> "What use was that noxious weed, tobacco? What use . . . all the luxuries that distracted Christian men and women from the simple life enjoined alike by moralists and economists?"

And to what purpose? It was gold and silver that had lured the conquistadors into Mexico and Peru, and wherever rumor told of the "Seven Cities of Cíbola." They found the gold and silver, but the result was not wealth but inflation and impoverishment. Moreover, the New World—the world of the East as well as of the West Indies—flooded the Old with articles that were useless or pernicious. What use was that noxious weed, tobacco? What use were furs and silks, the precious stones and precious metals, and all the luxuries that distracted Christian men and women from the simple life enjoined alike by moralists and economists?

In addition, the New World took revenge upon the conquerors by afflicting them with the most terrible of diseases, which they brought back to the Old World. For it was America that infected Europe with venereal disease; that was an article of faith, and of science, of course.

But the worst is yet to come, the worst and the most indisputable: slavery. How the critics rang the changes on that evil. First the conquistadors had killed off the gentle natives of the islands; then they had stolen hapless Negroes from the coasts of Africa and sold them into slavery. And remember that slavery was dying out in the Old World when America revived it; in the

eyes of history it was America that must bear the responsibility.

Suppose these speculations were ill founded? There was always one further argument: that if America did succeed, if somehow the American colonies should survive and flourish and become prosperous and powerful states, they would inevitably turn on the Old World; they would drain her of her best stock, they would steal her commerce, they would subvert her governments, they would rend her and destroy her.

So much, then, for the critics and the malcontents. But even as they wrote, history had passed them by; some recognition of this creeps into their complaints and diatribes and explains the shrillness of their style. How few of them had the good sense to stay their hand when the situation changed —the good sense to recognize what the sagacious Dr. Robertson acknowledged when, in the fateful year 1775, he abandoned his plan to bring his *History of America* up to date. "It is lucky," he wrote, "that my American History was finished before this event. How many plausible theories, that I should have been entitled to form, are contradicted by what has now happened."

The swift rush of events was to vindicate the champions of the New World. For now the defenders entered the fray, armored with the arguments of philosophy and of history, and, more to the point, armored with facts.

Whether the defenders were really champions of the New World or merely critics of the Old, enthusiasts for the American Revolution or precursors of the French, is not important; doubtless they were a bit of both. It was not, in any event, the whole of the New World that they now undertook to defend against the calumnies and slanders of de Pauw and Raynal; these were all but forgotten now or pushed aside as irrelevant. Now they were writing about the new United States rather than the New World; now they were writing economics and history rather than philosophy. A good many of the champions knew America at firsthand. These were the years when soldiers from half a dozen countries fought on American soil and when refugees from almost as many countries found asylum there. Oddly enough the most learned of the champions, men like Condorcet in France or Friedrich von Gentz in Germany, saw America only through the eyes of history. Perhaps that is why they saw more deeply than most of the others.

If there was no one among the defenders quite as great as Buffon was, or as Raynal thought *he* was, the general level of distinction was high. They were men who had moved out of the misty realms of speculation and into the tumultuous arena of history. Several of them played an active role in public affairs. They represented, too, something of a cross section of western Europe. There was the exiled Jesuit, Father Francisco Clavijero, who had taken refuge in the exquisite Spanish College in Bologna, and there wrote his compendious *History of Mexico* to refute Buffon and Raynal. From Italy, too, came the romantic Philip Mazzei, one of those familiar eighteenth-century figures flitting from career to career and from country to country: a physician in Smyrna, a wine merchant in London, a farmer and a soldier in Jefferson's Virginia, a diplomat in Poland and in Russia, a historian and a philosopher, trying his hand at half a dozen tasks and not doing any of them very well, but full of enthusiasm and goodwill. Jefferson put him up to writing a Defense of America against the canards of Raynal, and while Mazzei was at it, he covered the whole ground of American history and economy in three volumes of his own and a fourth by none other than the Marquis de Condorcet. There was the Mennonite preacher Adrian van der Kemp in Leyden. Van der Kemp had made the acquaintance of Minister John Adams and published a collection of American state papers; tried for a mixture of heresy and subversion, he was acquitted, joined the patriot ranks in the abortive revolution of 1787, and when a Prussian army crushed that heroic uprising, fled to the American wilderness, where he lived in Arcadian simplicity on the shores of Lake Oneida.

As the French had, in a sense, launched the whole controversy, it was proper that they should now conclude it. None wrote with greater authority than the Marquis de Chastellux. A soldier, an economist, and a philosopher, he could discourse not only on great questions of economy and philosophy but on the union of poetry and of music, and his inaugural address as a member of the Academy was on taste. He was, above all, an expert on happiness. He had written two volumes on this subject that made it irresistibly clear that the present age was the veritable golden age, and he proved his devotion to his theme by providing *Romeo and Juliet* with a happy ending. He had been a major general under Rochambeau and had cut a great figure in the French Expeditionary Forces at Yorktown. After the war he had traveled the length and breadth of the United States, with all doors open to him, the doors of farmhouses and inns, of Mt. Vernon and Monticello.

> "... it was no rural Utopia that [Chastellux] foresaw but a nation whose trade and cities and wealth would in time create a flourishing civilization."

All this went into the volumes of his *Travels in North America*, which described the American society as the most enviable, at once pastoral and sophisticated. The pastoral note was insistent and pervasive, but clearly what pleased the Marquis was the sophistication. He traversed the virgin forest, and what delighted him was a girl at a wayside inn "whom Greuze would have been happy to have taken for a model" and the discovery that his

landlord read Newton's *Principia.* He rejoiced in the sturdy independence of the American farmer, but he was happiest in the company of American philosophers, like Bishop Madison of Virginia or Thomas Jefferson, and though he pronounced the customary warning against luxury, it was no rural Utopia that he foresaw but a nation whose trade and cities and wealth would in time create a flourishing civilization.

> "In the light of his volumes on happiness, it was not surprising that Chastellux should think the discovery of America a blessing."

In the light of his volumes on happiness, it was not surprising that Chastellux should think the discovery of America a blessing. Civilization, he insisted, is the product of commerce, and the discovery of the New World had immensely stimulated commerce. What a cornucopia of blessings came from that activity: commerce brought new wealth and distributed wealth anew, thus leveling ancient inequalities. It introduced luxuries, and luxuries were a mark of high civilization. It expanded horizons, intellectual as well as geographical. Even trade in slaves was not wholly to the bad, for it ameliorated the lot of the Negro, and who could doubt that, in time, the Americans would put an end to this pernicious institution.

What a difference between the gay and worldly Chastellux and Condorcet, whom one contemporary described as a volcano covered with snow. Of all those who participated in Raynal's prize contest, the Marquis de Condorcet was easily the most distinguished, the one who made the strongest impression on his own time, the one whose fame and fate still affects us most deeply. He was a mathematician and Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences; he was an economist, a disciple of Turgot, whose biography he subsequently wrote, and of that other quasi-physiocrat, Adam Smith, and his wife had translated the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* into French. He was the only true philosopher who was permitted to play a significant role in the French Revolution, whose coming he had foreseen: he drew up the "Address to the European Powers"; he formulated the most elaborate of all programs for public education, which was never, alas, adopted; he helped frame the ill-starred Constitution of 1793. He was not merely a precursor of the Revolution but, in the end, a victim.

Condorcet was hiding in the garret of the good Madame Vernet, staring at death every day, when he composed the ninth section of his *Sketch of an Historical Pageant of the Progress of the Human Mind.* "It is not enough," he wrote, "that the rights of men be written in the tomes of philosophers and in the hearts of virtuous men. The weak and the ignorant must be able to read them in the example of a great nation. America has given us that example." This was the theme to which the Marquis returned throughout his long argument. America gave to the Old World—and to the future—the example of a people who had won their independence by arms, but who were dedicated to peace. It gave an example of religious toleration—indeed "the most universal tolerance any people has ever enjoyed." It provided an example of freedom—freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom from tyranny and oppression. It furnished, too, a sample of the working of equality, and now "we need no longer suppose that Nature divided the human race into three or four orders . . . and that one of these orders was condemned to work hard and to eat little."

Besides Chastellux and Condorcet and Brissot, there were many others who sang variations on the same theme: the example that America offered to the Old World, the path it opened to the human race. May we say, then, that they concluded the debate that had been raging for a generation, concluded it triumphantly by confuting and confounding the critics and detractors of the New World? No, say rather that even as the battle raged, the battleground trembled and quivered beneath the contestants, and the old landmarks came tumbling down; as with so many debates, the issue of the debate itself was drained of meaning and took on a faintly archaic air.

Championing the Noble Savage in the great eighteenth-century debate, the Frenchman Bernard Picart illustrated his book with romantic engravings like the one opposite of a "sauvage en conversation avec sa maitresse." *Even in America, apparently, there were philosophical discussions then—but not about whether America was a mistake.*

Yet the debate was not wholly irrelevant, not even after it had been antiquated by events. For, oddly enough, the contestants had almost wholly ignored one part of the problem submitted to them by the zealous Abbé Raynal. They had mightily debated the central question that the Abbé had asked: Was America a mistake? But they had signally failed to answer Raynal's further question: If the discovery of America was a blessing, what could be done to conserve and enhance its benefits; if a curse, what could be done to repair its damages?

Now after all the din of controversy, the libraries of argument, the torrents of debate, these questions remained unanswered. How, indeed, could they be answered? The answers lay in the womb of time. And these were the questions that, for generations to come, would confront not only the philosophers of Europe and of America, but of continents, peoples, nations, not yet dreamed of by the eighteenth century.

Henry Steele Commager is Smith Professor of History at Amherst College. One of America's most distinguished historians, he has written and edited more than forty books. This article is taken from Was America a Mistake?, *to be published in November by Harper & Row.*

AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE FLEXOWRITER AWAY

If you sometimes feel that the human element is going out of the practice of medicine in this country—a feeling which, I'll admit, probably isn't shared by more than 80 or 90 per cent of the population—you might consider moving to the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, where, according to *The New York Times*, a new medical center will enable its doctors and dentists to offer "automated cordiality."

"The cheery personal word that will make the form letter seem not so much like a form letter—'How is Andy's hernia?' or 'Tell your Grandma she left her galoshes' —will be passed to a typist by the physician," says the *Times*. "The typist will insert the homey touch in the appropriate place as the Friden automatic programmed 'Flexowriter' rattles off the form letters requesting payment for the last visit or informing that the X-rays of the patient (kidney) (arm) (stomach) (chest) came out negative."

Well, heaven knows I always appreciate a cheery personal word from the doctor—come to think of it, mine hasn't asked about Andy's hernia for several years—but, still, I'd rather have a doctor send no word at all than turn the writing over to a Flexowriter. For obviously, if I read the *Times* story correctly—which is always a possibility—he is using the Flexowriter as more than a scribe. He is also letting it decide which part of me (kidney) (arm) (stomach) (chest) is sick.

This sort of thing can't help making people feel that the American doctor is just too busy. Most of us are apprehensive enough already: it's no fun to call our general practitioner and not have him remember what ails us, what he last prescribed, or even who we are. It's easy enough for him to remember Grandma—she keeps leaving her galoshes in his office. Besides, even a Flexowriter would be fairly safe in diagnosing her trouble as (senility) (hardening of arteries) (failing vision) (doesn't like galoshes).

But what about the rest of us? Can we really afford to narrow our illnesses down to (kidney) (arm) (stomach) (chest) just to help the doctor unload some of his work onto a computer of limited diagnostic range? Surely in this anxious age we are entitled to a more multiple choice of ailments. What about that throbbing in my (temple) (eyes) (sinuses), that ringing in my (head) (ears) (telephone), that tennis elbow on my (elbow) and housemaid's knee on my (housemaid)?

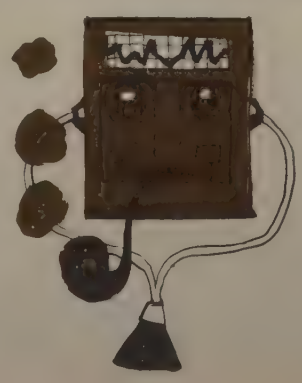
I also foresee many a slip between the typist and the computer as she tries to "insert the homey touch in the appropriate place as the Flexowriter rattles off the form letters requesting payment." How will she know—to take the most obvious pitfall—which is the homey touch? Is it Andy's hernia, or is it the request for payment? Will she know what the appropriate place is? *Is* there an appropriate place for a homey touch in a form letter? Will the Flexowriter be rattling along so fast that she just has to throw the homey touch in anywhere? Or will the machine itself boggle at the task of sorting the medical items from the cheery personal words? Cordiality could be automated to come out like this: "Dear Patient:

You'll be amused to hear that you left your (kidney) (arm) (stomach) (chest) in my office last week. We'll put it in a safe place and you can drop by for it whenever you're 'out our way.'

On a more serious note, I'm pleased to be able to inform you that the X rays of your Grandma's galoshes came out negative. Therefore, in my judgment it will not be necessary to operate on them.

Incidentally, just for laughs, would you tell your mother—great gal!—that she still owes me $75 for that consultation back in 1963 about possibly removing her (tonsils) (gallbladder) (head)? Doctor"

Ironically, though the individual doctor is dying out and the house call is almost as extinct as the (dodo) (passenger pigeon) (great auk), it does seem easy today to get physicians by the team. I'm thinking of all those magazine layouts in which platoons of surgeons, cardiologists, hematologists, anesthesiologists and biomedical engineers are clustered around the patient, plying him with laser knives, ultrasonic frequencies, or radioactive albumin particles, freezing his tissues with cryosurgery or aerating his blood in hyperbaric oxygen chambers, preventing his arrhythmias with defibrillating units or loosening his atherosclerosis deposits with injections of carbon dioxide. To read about such prodigies of teamwork is to take comfort against a darker day.



But somewhere between the cryosurgical brain probe, on the one hand, and, on the other, a form letter from the Flexowriter prescribing two galoshes every four hours, stands mere Everyman with his hay fever and flat feet, his insomnia and shortening breath, his tired back and tired blood, his real or imagined messages of disarray from every gland and organ, and his need to be assured that science has an answer.

I don't know where other people will find such steady assurance, but my own solution is to watch the Lawrence Welk Show every Saturday night. In that halcyon land of Serutan and Sedalin and Bufferin and Q-Tips, of Sominex and Devarex and Geritol and Cope, the goddess Hygeia reigns even more supreme than she did in ancient Greece, promising balm for the acid digestive tract, the uncoated stomach lining, the clogged intestine, the congested sinus, the frayed nerve, the pounding head, the bunioned toe, the slipping disc, and the waxy ear, rejuvenating the old and drowsy, nudging the sleepless off to sleep.

Of course I don't watch Welk's part of the program—only the commercials. That's the new mainstream of American medicine, right of Medicare and left of St. Petersburg, and as for "homey touches," even Flexowriter can't beat it. If home is where you can hear the dentures clack at mealtime and the bronchial tubes whistle through the night, Dr. Welk's clinic will make you feel right at home—wanted and understood. He *cares* about your (corns) (gums) (postnasal drip) (gas).

By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

P8-BZO-027